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The Shape of Things

IN BRITAIN A WEEK OF EXCEPTIONALLY severe weather has added to the embarrassment of the Labor government, at present wrestling with the particularly difficult crisis in coal production, and set the Tory opposition to lighting votive candles for just one more week of meteorological proof that socialism won't work. In reality the British crisis is due to precisely those economic factors which the Labor Party has for years declared would overtake Britain. The British mines, ill-equipped with modern machinery, their plants worn out during the war and not yet replaced, have to supply an economy which differs from that of the pre-war period in an important respect. At present there is almost full employment, so that while coal production is up, it is unequal to the industrial demand. In addition, the arctic weather has frozen some pits and has blocked transport in the northern areas. As a result, even severe rationing will not stave off the closing down of a number of factories. The answer to critics, however, is not to return the mines to their owners of six or seven weeks ago but more and quicker socialism. At all costs the mines must be modernized, a task to which private capitalism is utterly unequal. Undoubtedly, the going is rough for the Labor Party. It may not have much faith in votive candles, but it might warm its hands by burning a few of the opposition's speeches and perhaps that of Sir Hartley Shawcross as well, for the histrionic Attorney General's cry that a failure to work miracles at this moment may mean the end of British socialism in our time was a first-class disservice to his party.

*

WHEN THE RAMADIER CABINET TOOK OFFICE three weeks ago it seemed likely that Communist opposition to the Anglo-French treaty would at least cause postponement of the negotiations until after the Big Four conference in Moscow. Communist opposition has indeed developed, but despite the fact that a Cabinet crisis is brewing over this and other issues, M. Bidault has followed up M. Blum's lead with vigor. The principal obstacles to the making of the treaty have always been differences of opinion concerning the Ruhr and the nature of the future German state. It now appears possible that London and Paris will reach some agreement on the first point. Apparently the French are still firmly opposed to a strong central German government. However, British support for German unity, which in any case depends upon Soviet policy, may conceivably diminish in the future. At any rate, the Anglo-French treaty is now appreciably nearer realization. To judge by the manifesto of the French Communist Party, M. Bidault is heading for a crisis, for it is certain that Moscow will not willingly consent to the building of anything that resembles a Western bloc. In hinting that the treaty might be converted into a three-power pact by the inclusion of the Soviet Union, the French Foreign Minister may have been trying to sidestep this opposition. It is possible, in fact, that his remark, made in the French Foreign Affairs Committee, was a cautious invitation to Moscow. As such, it may appeal to Mr. Stalin as indicating a solution of the Soviet security problem. While a Russian step in this direction would probably embarrass many who now approve the Anglo-French alliance, there can be little doubt that a three-power pact would contribute to European stability and would lessen European fears of war between the Soviet and the United States.

*

DR. LEONARDO ARGUELLO HAS BEEN reported an easy winner in Nicaragua's first Presidential election since 1936 as returns filtered in last week. This was foreordained, since Arguello was General Anastasio Somoza's vest-pocket candidate. Just prior to the election the Somoza-dominated congress passed a law which for ten days disarmed everybody in the country except members of the Guardia Nacional—the 7,500-man police force which has been Somoza's chief instrument of power in the tight little dictatorship he has maintained in Nicaragua for over a decade. In great measure it is an inheritance bequeathed to the Nicaraguan people by the United States, for in the twenties we used to shuttle the marines in and out of Nicaragua like Notre Dame backfields, and from them Somoza took inspiration for his Guardia. Under its guns, some colorful electoral procedures were introduced into the recent election: watchers from parties in opposition to Arguello were barred from the electoral tables, and orange cards stamped "I voted

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for Arguello" were handed to each person who did so. The value of these cards will become apparent when a bearer applies for a government job or favor. Thousands of Nicaraguans feel that the United States shares moral responsibility for their dictatorship: we have supported Somoza with military and economic aid, and in 1939 he was a White House guest of President Roosevelt. It is time he was disowned. Like many Nicaraguans, we feel that our State Department's condemnation of dictators and concern for free elections might be extended from Europe to our own back yard.

*

DAVID LILIENTHAL'S DEMOCRATIC CREDO was a fine clean plant to emerge out of the noisome miasma of the McKellar-infested Senate hearings on the Atomic Control Board. And it is good to be able to point to David Lilienthal and say: "This is what we mean by American democracy; the other is a bizarre example of the witch-hunter and bigot that occasionally have plagued a society of free men." But it is not enough to write off McKellar as an obscene anachronism. The defamation to which David Lilienthal and his former associates on the TVA have been subjected is a warning that democracy can be debased and subverted when its privileges are divorced from its responsibilities. We do not believe that the Senate of the United States is to be judged by the character and actions of Senator McKellar. But we do believe its members, particularly the chairmen of its committees, must guard its reputation from the debasement to which McKellar has subjected it. Moreover, we feel that American citizens of the high standing of David Lilienthal should have protection against vilification which, outside of Senate walls, would bring its promulgators into the courts. Democracy must have its watch dogs not only against corruption and subversion but against those who by their acts bring into disrepute the very institutions which give it life and form.

*

IN THE NAME OF DEMOCRACY, THE HOUSE of Representatives has voted to limit the President of the United States to two terms. The Senate, we believe, will serve democracy better if it rejects this ill-considered amendment to the Constitution. In the first place, if this country is ever ripe for dictatorship, it will not be saved by such technicalities. A Caesar in the White House would be a sorry specimen of his kind if he failed to rid himself of such legalisms in the first eight years of his power. The chances are that long before the third-term issue arose, the Constitution itself would have gone down the drain. On the other hand, the amendment would at some time or other almost certainly come in conflict with the popular will and work to the serious detriment of the country. Politics aside, there were few

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who seriously opposed Roosevelt's fourth candidacy at a crucial point in the war. And Jefferson, repeatedly cited last week as a champion of the two-term limit, opposed a rigid ban, even suggesting at one point that in the face of a dangerous monarchist movement he himself would feel justified in running a third time. In fact, the appeal to precedent and the Founding Fathers by proponents of the amendment seems to us peculiarly inappropriate. The obvious truth is that the framers of the Constitution, not to mention the seventy-nine Congresses that preceded this one, specifically refrained from freezing this sentiment in the mold of constitutional law. The sentiment itself, by and large, is healthy; but rigidity is not. Exceptions to the rule are in order in grave moments of crisis, and we prefer to leave it to the electorate to decide when such crises exist.

*

IF SENATOR WHERRY'S REESTABLISHED Committee on Small Business means to get down to cases—doubtful in the light of the Senator's record—it will do a thoroughgoing job on the charges contained in the Federal Trade Commission's report on newsprint. Compiled back in 1939 at the request of Homer S. Cummings, then Attorney General, the report has been allowed to gather dust for eight years. Thanks to the insistence of Senator Murray of Montana and a few others, it has now been "cleared." "This report," Murray says, "is by all odds the most valuable collection of facts describing newsprint-industry practices of which we know." It reveals, among other serious aspects of the trade, that prices for paper are fixed at private meetings in Canada, where the collusion is beyond the reach of the FTC or the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department. It shows, too, that fully one-fourth of all the newsprint consumed in this country in the test year of 1929 went to three chains—Hearst, Scripps-Howard, and Patterson-McCormick. With the lifting of government controls, small papers, both daily and weekly, are fighting a losing battle against the exclusive arrangements between the big publishers and the big mills. Here is a grim threat, not only to small business, but to the very existence of a free press. It was Mr. Wherry who, more than any other individual in the Senate, did the OPA to death in the holy name of free enterprise. We will see now whether small enterprise is included, and whether it has been freed from sane government curbs only to be strangled by private monopoly.

*

POPE PIUS XII HAS JUST "INDICATED HIS displeasure with Sartre's brand of Existentialism," and the Vatican's Academy of the Catholic Religion and of the Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas "will conduct a public examination" of Existentialism, at Rome, during Easter week. What nostalgic memories of Bruno and of Canossa, of sanbenitoes and of Grand Inquisitors, the wording of the announcement calls up! One is lost, in fancy, in those brighter days: one sees Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus—the latter protesting feebly, "But I'm *not* an Existentialist!"—burning like toasted marshmallows outside St. Peter's. It is a shock to have to come back to the world of the Reverend Charles Boyer, the secretary of the Vatican's Philosophy Academy. Deprived of the natural weapons of the theologian, he has found nothing worse to do to Sartre than to say that he resembles Voltaire. This of the philosopher who wrote, "Le Néant n'existe pas"!—this of the logician whom the soberest of logical positivists compares to Humpty-Dumpty! The church's second team is getting nowhere—it had better put in Fulton J. Sheen. But it is hard not to feel, about this struggle between Existentialism and the Vatican Philosophy Academy, pretty much as Lincoln's old woman felt about the fight between her husband and a bear: "Go it, husband! Go it, bear!"

G.O.P. Saboteurs

PROSPECTS for the reestablishment of world trade on a comparatively free, multilateral, and non-discriminatory basis—a prime objective of American foreign economic policy—have never been more dismal. This is true even if Senator Vandenberg succeeds in his worthy effort to head off the raging, tearing campaign of the Knutsons and Butlers who want an immediate suspension of reciprocal-trade treaty-making and abandonment of the International Trade Organization conference scheduled for April. For to obtain a partial and temporary respite from the tariff-mongers, the State Department has been persuaded to make concessions to them which will seriously weaken its bargaining power when it begins negotiations with other countries.

For instance, it is understood that the State Department has agreed to include in all future trade agreements an "escape clause" which will permit either party to withdraw or modify any tariff cut which causes undue hardship to any industry. That is broad enough to render an agreement pretty worthless. Almost any industry which has grown up sheltered by a high tariff wall is apt to find the going hard when it is exposed to increased competition; its marginal units may even be forced to close. But if we raise tariffs every time such industries complain they are being undersold we must expect other nations to retaliate by making it more difficult for our most efficient industries to sell in foreign markets. We really cannot work out an escape clause which allows us to vary the terms of an agreement when convenient but holds the other fellow to his bargain.

Unless an escape clause is so circumscribed that appeal can only be made to it under most exceptional circumstances, it is bound to introduce an element of uncertainty

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which will rob trade treaties of much of their value. Suppose, for instance, we agree to reduce our tariff on British woolens in return for a British concession on office machinery. To take advantage of these changes, manufacturers in both countries will need to appoint agents, provide for stocks, and perhaps develop special designs for their new markets, but unless they can be sure that the lower tariff rates will remain fixed for some time, it will not be worth their while to take such steps. Even a permanently high trade barrier may prove less disruptive than one whose altitude is constantly changing.

By their successful insistence on escape clauses the Republicans have therefore already struck a heavy blow against freer trade. But far more damaging is the warning they have given to the world that in the event of a Republican victory in 1948 a drastic change in American foreign economic policy must be expected. They have made it clear that if the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act were renewed at all, it would be amended so as to permit the log-rolling which, up to 1933, always disgraced American tariff-making. Moreover, they have given the world good reason to believe that the nation responsible for the whole conception of an international trade organization might in the end refuse to ratify its charter.

In the forthcoming international negotiations, our representatives, therefore, are going to be badly handicapped. They will be attempting to sell the American idea of international trade to nations more than a little skeptical of its virtues, knowing that they may be repudiated by Congress. Under these circumstances it is not going to be easy for them to win concessions. The nations with which they will be bargaining are not likely to forswear their particular protective devices without a firm assurance that the American market will be a lot more accessible to their goods than it has been in the past.

The point which most Republicans, and some Democrats, have not grasped is that no country in the world today stands to benefit so much as the United States from a loosening of the chains that bind international trade. Within a few years American farmers may be in desperate need of markets for surplus cotton, wheat, tobacco, while American manufacturers of investment goods may well find that only a large export trade will enable them to keep their expanded plants operating near capacity.

More than that, no country in the world is so ill adapted to the alternative method of trading which involves barter agreements, long-term bulk-purchase contracts, bilateral deals of all kinds. Nations with planned economies can undertake such arrangements; those which cling to unrestricted private enterprise can hardly do so without seriously compromising their principles. Living in a past era, their eyes closed to the realities of today but their ears ever open to the bleating of protected constituents, Republican Congressmen are sabotaging an opportunity to promote world peace through expanding world trade. And by so acting they are doing more to destroy the free-enterprise system than all its avowed enemies put together.

Palestine Ultimatum

THE Jewish Agency has naturally and rightly rejected the British demand that it call upon the Jewish community for "cooperation against terrorists," and as a direct consequence of Mr. Bevin's appalling blunder Palestine is on the verge of disaster. It is not merely the "viable" state that is endangered but the whole fabric of Jewish society. The military measures already taken compel the belief that the British government is readying itself to suppress a resistance far more serious than that of the Irgun. Mr. Bevin evidently calculates that martial law will drive great numbers of moderate Zionists into active association with the Irgun. He is right. The ultimatum, which demanded of the Jews that they fight against a mistaken section of their own people without guarantees that British promises would be kept, will have brought many moderate Jews to the point of rebellion. And martial law usually leads to martial lawlessness, as last summer's campaign against Haganah proved. As a consequence of Irgun violence British troops are now in an ugly mood and have become strongly tainted with anti-Semitism. Alarmism and anti-Semitism have also been deliberately fostered by the press in Britain so that public support may be forthcoming for those "preventive measures" and "stern lessons" that are axioms of brass-hat logic. The propaganda of the Irgun shows that it regards its campaign as the beginning of a nationalist struggle to drive out the occupying power. The macabre irony is that Mr. Bevin is about to justify the Irgun's revolutionary theory.

For what reason? Is it London's desire simply to suborn moderates and extremists alike? The question is a valid one. For surely no one could have been so naive as to suppose that the Jewish Agency would bow to the ultimatum. We cannot, therefore, rule out the suspicion that the whole intent was to rig the scene against the Agency and so to justify the use of military force. Hopes that the Jewish people would be offered an acceptable form of partition before the ultimatum expired have been dashed by the latest news from London. We write before details of Bevin's new plan are available but, according to the New York *Times*, it calls for two semi-autonymous states with a majority in each locality deciding which one it will adhere to. The result would be a fragmentization that would leave all real power to the British administration and make a mockery of self-government. Even though the plan includes provision

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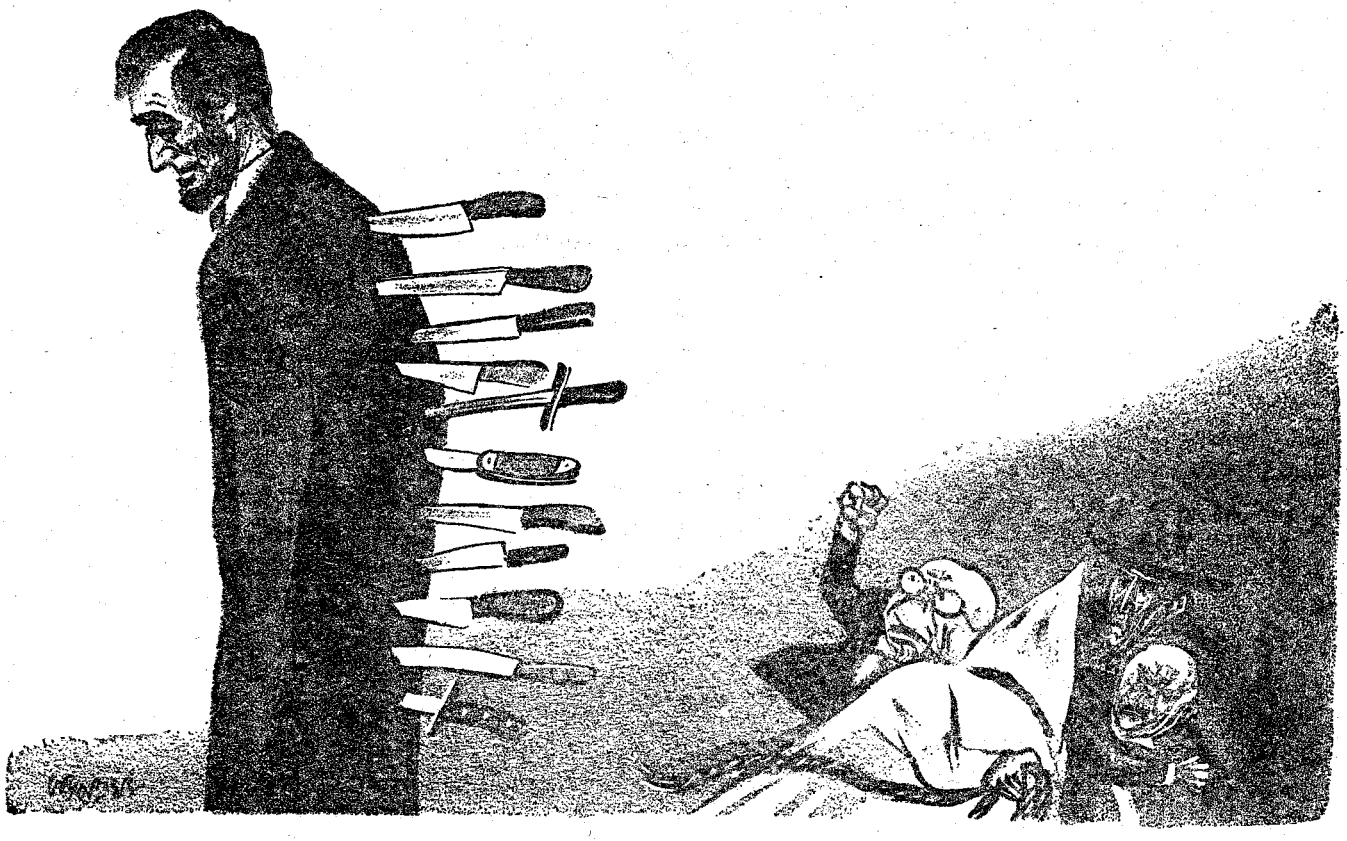
for the entry of 100,000 immigrants within two years, the Zionist leaders reject it as worse than the Morrison scheme while the Arab delegation in London will have no part of it.

Procrastination has been the British vice in Palestine. The school of clear-headed betrayal has wanted Britain to surrender to Arab demands as the only way to defend its imperial interests in the Near East. For these people the Balfour Declaration was a mere maneuver, made in the mistaken belief that the now vanished Turkish empire would once again be a threat to the Suez Canal. An eventual showdown with the Jewish people has always been their aim. What may be ironically called the innocent school of betrayal has also dallied for strategic reasons. Since it was never certain that the Arab states would play the game according to the rules, it has tried to keep a foot in both camps by obtaining Arab consent to British promises to the Jews. The feat was clearly impossible, at all events after 1937.

The refusal to impose partition has encouraged the Arab opposition. And since the close of World War II British foreign policy in general has stiffened the Arab leaders' backs, for they have well understood that Mr. Bevin regards them as a barrier to Soviet intrusion into the Near East. The result of all the delays is that at the present time, when Mr. Bevin has swung to the side of the showdown school, not even cantonization stands the least chance of willing acceptance by the Arab League.

As the world is today, no ideal solution for the problem of Palestine can be reached. That would only be possible in a world of peacefully cooperative states. As things stand today, fulfilment of the British promise, or threat, to throw the whole problem into the lap of the United Nations would simply make Palestine the football of power politics. It would certainly invoke a new Anglo-Russian collision with both sides bidding for Arab support. Only if the question could be raised in such a way as to sidestep this rivalry would appeal to the United Nations offer a way out.

What, then, can be done? In the hope that wiser counsels may be made to prevail in the British Foreign Office Washington should at once declare that partition must be imposed. The United States is the only power that possesses sufficient influence in London. The two countries can well afford to grant economic aid to the Arab state that must also be set up in Palestine and so to win support. There will be costs to Britain. And if this means that the Arab leaders must be warned against resorting to war in Palestine, then let it be so. If this country is to put pressure on Britain, as it already has, then hard logic requires that responsibilities should also be taken. Blunt words might be sufficient to localize the struggle, for, after all, neither the Palestinian Arabs nor the Arab League itself are in any position to undertake a major campaign. That there are dangers in such a course cannot be denied, but unless there is an end to delay, the whole Near Eastern situation may become a peril to the world at large.



FEBRUARY 12, 1947

Cartoon by William Gropper

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Georgians Have Had Enough

BY A. G. MEZERIK

Atlanta, Georgia, February 9

PEOPLE go to church every Sunday in Georgia. On this particular cold, clear Sunday the ministers used a text which came out of the state Capitol. They wanted to speak their minds on the great immoral thing represented by Herman Talmadge's usurpation of power and his insistence on the passage of the white-primary bill. Deeply troubled by the sin that spreads all across the state, ministers incisively declared their right to judge the moral issue involved in this theft of the people's rights, and the congregations were ready. In these last weeks democracy has increasingly shown its vitality until today, in one of Atlanta's biggest churches, a minister in a gesture of historic importance turned his pulpit over to a Negro, and the people understood the symbolism in terms of right versus wrong rather than in those of the old prejudiced contest of right versus left. In the town of McRae, the Reverend Joseph Rathbun, pastor of Eugene Talmadge's own Baptist church, stood up to denounce the white primary.

This Georgia rising, on the moral plane—quite another thing from legal or political argument—has been slowly gathering strength. It was seen when thousands of students marched on the state Capitol, and it was even more apparent when the Councils of Christian Ministers all over the state began to discuss the issues. It appeared in all its power when in towns like Valdosta, "wool-hat" stronghold in the center of southern Georgia, the councils condemned the Talmadge actions just as strongly as they did in Atlanta.

The organized ministers have suddenly emerged as the leaders of a new kind of aroused-citizens' movement. And the Talmadge forces are scared. True, they have the votes to win their victories in the Assembly, but they know they will be thrown out lock, stock, and barrel if the people think, as they most definitely do, that they are being robbed of their ancient rights.

The Talmadge forces have tried to stem the rising tide of indignation by marshaling ministers on their side. But so far they have succeeded in bringing forward only two who would say a favorable word for them. One of these was an aged, retired Methodist preacher without voice, pulpit, or influence, and the other was "Parson Jack" Johnson, who to the shame of many of the ministers of the state is the publisher of a hate sheet called *Militant Truth*. The two added another debit to Talmadge's moral ledger.

Talmadge may still have his wool-hats behind him, but the evidence piles up that by threatening basic rights he has aroused people in every walk of life against him. The kindled spirit was bright in the state Capitol on Thursday when those who were opposed to the white-primary bill had their day. Sixty-eight witnesses from the hills, the swamps, and the cities demanded to be heard. A veteran said, "We fought this war on the beaches and in the foxholes. We were fighting against this same thing you would now do—and I tell you now, we will fight that battle here and forever if you do this." (No post of any established veterans' group has come out in favor of Talmadge. Many have openly declared against him. John R. Williams, commander of the Georgia department of the American Legion, made a public speech condemning the methods by which Herman took power.)

A young woman spoke as a mother and for other mothers. "You are wise old men," she said to the legislative committee, "but you need to remember that we are not rearing our children just to be big or to be healthy. We are rearing them so that they will be able to vote also. Don't tamper with that right. You have told us that the people demand a white-primary bill. What would you think of a mother who gave her baby a bottle full of poison because the child kept asking for it? This white-primary bill is a bottle of poison, and if you are wise old men, you will know that you must safeguard the vote as mothers do their children." Other women from church councils, from leagues of women voters, and from clubs brought or sent their resolutions.

The old South was there, too. Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the famous Confederate officer, in a small voice charged with emotion condemned the forces of blackness which by disfranchising Georgia's colored citizens would shackle the white people and disgrace a proud state. The grandson of a former governor spoke his mind. Old South and new, men and women from the crossroads and the creeks, from schools, from big city offices, left chores, desks, and kitchens to denounce the violation of personal integrity which Herman Talmadge had inflicted. They came because they wanted to. They were not, in the main, prodded to appear by organized groups. And Georgia's liberals, who had felt so alone since January 15, when "Humman" captured the governorship, suddenly were uplifted and once more knew the pride that had been theirs in the years when Ellis Arnall was bringing progress to Georgia.

"Humman's" tricks were fooling few. They were evoking a resolute determination in the hearts of many.

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The hysteria, the panicky feeling of the last three weeks, was giving way to a quiet confidence in the capacity of the people to quash "Humman's" presumption in a firm, orderly way.

On Friday, at McDonough, a village twenty-eight miles from Atlanta, a packed county courthouse listened intently as Talmadge's lawyers began their defense of his actions. The onlookers were the "wool-hats" who have been the backbone of the Talmadge movement and the town and city people who fought him. Neither group was tense; there was not the remotest danger of a fight. Everybody was listening, trying to make sense of the Talmadge attorneys' argument that the court had no power to review the action of the Assembly when it made a man who had received 675 votes governor of a state with 3,000,000 inhabitants. There was an implicit but perceptible recognition of the real issue. After all the talk was over, they would face the question: Could the court protect the right of citizens to choose their governor against a suddenly berserk legislative branch dominated by Herman Talmadge?

When the news came that a judge in Rome, Georgia, had, in a minor case, ruled that M. E. Thompson and not Talmadge was governor, the confidence in the court at McDonough was heightened. By Saturday people were beginning to use "Humman" as a subject for jokes. "Humman," they said, had gone to a seance and had there communicated with old Gene. "Daddy," Humman said, "how am I doing?"

"All right, son," said old Gene. "But, son, go easy on that white-primary bill. They got a nigger fireman down here."

The humor was a sign that the sky was brightening and indicated no lessening of moral indignation. "Humman" had said he would not respect the decision of the courts, and people did not believe his recantation, made when he realized what a hornets' nest he had got into. The Cedartown *Standard,* a newspaper in the back country of Georgia, expressed the depth of feeling: "My fellow-citizens, if we as Georgians do not rise up and demand a return to a government wherein the people themselves express a choice, then we will have no recourse other than to submit our future to the whims and dictates of a clique that, drunk with power, will stop at nothing to perpetuate themselves in power to the eternal detriment of Georgia and the impairment of the solidarity of a democratic nation."

The editor of the Cedartown *Standard* can be proud of the standard he has raised and of his fellow-citizens. They are rising to a level of moral comprehension of this Georgia steal that promises much for democracy everywhere.

Landlords' Field Day

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Washington, February 9

BACK in November the National Apartment Owners' Association set up a $250,000 fund for a propaganda campaign against rent control. Shortly afterward George M. Engler, association president, wrote his constituents that the purpose of the drive was to obtain an immediate 15 per cent rent increase. "When this mission has been accomplished, we will be in a position to concentrate our efforts on complete decontrol—to be effective not later than June 30, 1947," he reported. The landlord lobby's program has now been embodied in legislation proposed by top-ranking Republicans, and only a major upheaval can avert its passage.

The Apartment Owners' Association is one wing of the well-organized real-estate lobby. The National Association of Real Estate Boards probably operates the most expensive Washington show; the National Home and Property Foundation, of which Senators Hawkes of New Jersey and Bricker of Ohio are members, and the Home Builders' outfit have similarly thrown men and money into the great 1947 push to blast the roof off rents. If they succeed, their local representatives may claim credit for a very neatly executed enterprise, though in this class-conscious Republican Congress a landlord lobbyist does not need unusual genius or charm to make headway.

The truth is that the most aggressive and fiery mouthpieces of the real-estate interests are men holding Senate seats. Watching the hearings of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, one frequently finds it hard to identify the players without a score card; whenever a lobbyist falters he is assured of rescue by Cain of Washington, Buck of Delaware, or some other Republican dignitary. Bricker, whose political career has been openly promoted by real-estate interests, nods so often as he listens to the rent-increase clamor that one almost expects him to burst into applause. Except for Senator Tobey, the erudite and earnest chairman, the Republican bloc in the committee has made an indecent exposure of its bias. The G. O. P. Senators seem to be sitting for a leftist caricature of men of property. Tobey opened the hearings with a gentle

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plea to the committee to heed the inarticulate voice of the people who live in slums as well as the high-paid representatives of the slum owners. This admonition has obviously failed to sway his associates.

Yet the ineptitude and timidity of the Democrats have been as painful as the crude tactics of the Republicans. Apart from its tragic import for millions of people who cannot afford higher rents and face eviction if the landlords prevail, the rent battle has afforded a dramatic case history of the Administration's inability to exploit its minority role in Congress. The Harry Truman who jauntily engaged John L. Lewis in mortal combat shows much less belligerence in grappling with conservative business interests. After the Fleming fiasco the President again declared his own opposition to a general rent rise, but he has signally failed to assume a fighting posture. Not until last Friday, long after the Senate battle had got under way, was a bill introduced calling for the preservation of rent ceilings. The sponsors were two old progressive reliables—Wagner of New York and Murray of Montana. Neither of them can be considered White House representatives. On Capitol Hill Senators who might be disposed to hit back hard at the landlord lobby and its Republican allies are cautiously silent. They confess privately that they don't know whether the President wants to wage a real fight or whether he is just going through the motions.

None of them, of course, took seriously General Fleming's public explanation of the premature order for a 10 per cent increase. Some high White House figures were deeply involved in the deal. The suggestion that the President never heard the rumor until the mimeograph machines were running is utterly implausible. Dr. John R. Steelman—who achieved some renown during the last phase of the stabilization era as the boy who couldn't say no to any economic pressure group—was primarily responsible for raising the landlords' hopes; General Fleming deserved some but not all of the blame, and the President owes him a medal for chivalrously protecting everybody else. The identity of the villain is of less moment than the confusion that the White House has again displayed when confronting a respectable vested interest.

On rent—as on taxes—the Republicans have stepped forth publicly and pugnaciously as legislative agents of wealth and property. There is little camouflage. It is true that the real-estate lobby put on half a dozen middle-aged matrons to testify that the life of the poor property-owner is a difficult one, and six frenetic ladies impersonating the public have shown up faithfully at the hearings each day, to scowl at pro-OPA witnesses and smile benignly at landlord spokesmen. Beyond these rather faded props there is nothing in the scenery that can be described as popular support for the G. O. P. position. But opponents of the rent rise have been demoralized by the total lack of Presidential inspiration. The counter-attack did not really get under way until the hearings were almost over. The President has not indicated whether or not he will veto the Republican bills. He has not spelled out the issues. And his chief advisers seem deeply engrossed in other subjects.

If the President feels strongly about holding the rent line, his enthusiasm has been neither apparent nor infectious.

On the surface the most persuasive contention advanced by the landlords is that they have been the victims of "discrimination": everybody else, they protest, is now free to boost prices and profits; they alone are "frozen." The implication of the argument is curious. It suggests that a man who has been held up five times owes a moral obligation to submit without dispute to the sixth highwayman. Actually most landlords have done very well. The net income of property-owners has reached record heights as a result of maximum occupancy, curtailed services to tenants, and liberal individual adjustments granted by the OPA. Informed officials agree that the OPA has increasingly tended to act on "hardship" pleas, and it has just made further concessions. Moreover, the only compelling defense for ending control of other products—the theory that supply-and-demand forces would prevent runaway prices—is admittedly non-existent in the rent dispute. Everybody concedes that the housing shortage is no temporary emergency.

One item in the landlords' testimony throws a harsh light on the prevailing political morality of the Senate. Nearly every lobbyist has testified that "thousands" of apartments are being withheld in protest against OPA controls. The assertion is probably exaggerated, but the way the argument is boldly advanced—and treated with sober respect—as justification for eliminating controls provides a pretty grim spectacle. Thousands of veterans have no homes of their own; thousands are living in crowded, inadequate quarters. Now come the landlords frankly proclaiming that a silent "strike" is taking place to force Congress to boost rents—and nobody on the Banking and Currency Committee expresses any anger, nobody points an accusing finger at the strikers. The Senators seem overwhelmed by the unassailable logic of the case: give the landlords what they want and they will put a roof over our head.

There is still a fighting chance to stop the rent grab. Much depends on the swiftness with which protests reach Washington; and much depends on whether Mr. Truman is finally aroused. The Fleming muddle almost gave the landlords their bonus at the Democrats' expense and at no cost to the Republicans. If the Administration makes it plain that the G. O. P. will have to pay the political bill, second thoughts may stir in some cool Republican heads. But at the moment the landlord lobby is having a field day.

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Those Perverse Republicans

BY SEYMOUR E. HARRIS

MESSRS. TAFT, Martin, Knutson, and their friends and followers are determined to cut income taxes by 20 per cent. In pushing these proposals they are running true to form. When the economy has too much money, the Republican practice is to give it more—as we shall see—and when the country is starved for money and short of demand, our Republican friends would take money away. It is as if a mountain climber, as he climbs and generates heat, were to put on more and more wraps, and as if when he descends and the pace becomes easier, he were to shed his clothes. He is bound to be killed by exhaustion or exposure.

Republicans are, indeed, about to commit a grievous error. Economists are virtually unanimous that the chief problem of the next three years is going to be one of excess demand. Public policy should therefore be directed to reducing demand—and the way to reduce demand is to take money away from the people through taxation and use it to pay off the public debt. The tax-reduction bill of 1945 was unfortunate, but it had some justification in fears that the economic machine would sputter for a year or two after the war and need tax reductions to stimulate demand. The new Republican proposals will find no such support from economic diagnosticians.

Republicans are always assumed to be sound-money men, and Democrats the supporters of fiat money, greenbackism, inflation, deficit financing, and the like. But the Republicans' record will not bear scrutiny. True, in the years 1921-30 they paid off about $8 billion of the public debt, and managed to reduce taxes as well. In the first five years of this decade national income averaged $65 billion and tax receipts about $5 billion. In the next five years, however, national income averaged no less than $78 billion, and average tax receipts declined to $4.5 billion. Was it sound fiscal policy to allow taxes to be reduced by a half-billion dollars, or 10 per cent, while incomes were rising by 20 per cent, while inflation was threatening, and the public debt was still around $20 billion? The Republicans could easily have raised an average of $1 billion more in taxes over these years, and thus have paid off $18 billion of debt and made it easier in the thirties to contend with depression.

Instead of reducing the flood of excess dollars which was swamping security, real-estate, and commodity markets, the Republican Administration, through its policy of tax reduction, further stimulated demand, thus helping to make the boom bigger and the following depression more serious. The final folly came in 1930, when under the sinking-fund principle in vogue—that is, the principle of paying off debt irrespective of the effect on the economy—President Hoover's Administration paid off a large amount just when it should have been incurring debt to keep the country out of a tailspin.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the case for greenbackism, bimetallism, and monetary expansion was much stronger than the historian or economist of today is prepared to acknowledge. Republicans then were ill advised, and Democrats on the whole were pressing for correct money policies. Bryan was more nearly right than McKinley. For twenty-five years the country had been starved for currency under a monetary system which was unwisely tethered to government securities, and which was proving to be inversely responsive to business needs, as government bonds were being redeemed. When the economic throttle was thrown wide open by the opening up of new lands, unprecedented technological improvements, and the rise in population, advance was substantially slowed by a sacrificial program of *relative* monetary contraction and debt reduction.

It is clear that we should not expect too much from the Republicans. They still refuse to acknowledge that public receipts and public expenditures are to be meshed with receipts and expenditures of the private economy. They still support debt reduction on abstract grounds; but when a policy can be supported for being consistent with the principles both of purist finance and of compensatory finance, the Republicans remain impervious to logic. They do not propose to pay off as much debt as *possible* in periods of excess demand or to incur as much debt as is *necessary* to support demand in a depression.

As a great Republican, Alexander Hamilton, said, "They declaim against a public debt and for the reduction of it as an abstract thesis; yet are vehement against every plan of taxation which is proposed to discharge old debts, or to avoid new." Even late in the thirties the Republicans gave evidence of their insincerity. Leading the fight to cut pay-roll taxes, abolish social-security reserves, and increase the public debt through a process of borrowing from the old-age and survivors' insurance fund were many prominent Republicans, including Vandenberg and Taft. Had they not succeeded, the public debt might be five to ten billion dollars less today.

The Republicans can also be expected to favor other policies tending to increase the debt. In the next ten years

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they will almost certainly try to raise interest rates. Their argument will be that with bonds paying high interest, the public will take them off the hands of the banks. Numerous groups are being organized in this country to get a more "satisfactory" rate of interest on government bonds, and a Republican Administration can hardly be expected to resist such pressure. Mr. Dalton has had to put up a vigorous fight to keep the long-term rate of interest in Great Britain at 2½ per cent. Here the high-interest groups are better organized than in England, and they do not have to contend with a Socialist government. It is well for all of us to remember that a rise in the rate of interest of 1 per cent will increase the cost of the debt by about $2½ billion per year—as much as a rise of debt of $135 billion.

In short, we should fight all attempts to cut taxes *now*, to increase interest rates, or, in general, to set up a debt-reduction plan for the next fifty years to be carried out regardless of what the economy requires. The Republicans may talk also of reducing expenditures as a means of lowering debt, but unfortunately the area in which expenditures can be pared is very small. Savings on non-recurrent expenditures and some cutting of the military departments will bring the 1947-48 total below that of 1946-47; but to say that the budget can be reduced below $30 billion is nonsense. Of the proposed budget (1947-48) of $37.5 billion, $29.1 billion go to war and defense, veterans, interest on the debt, international affairs and finance, and tax refunds. How much can be cut from the remaining $8.4 billion? Very little in my opinion. And with their imperialistic leanings and their strong fears of Russia, are the Republicans likely to cut military expenditures to the extent suggested at one time by Senator Taft? A reduction of taxes by $3 billion to $4 billion will probably mean a corresponding failure to cut debt. The supposed gain from continuation of the excise taxes ($1.1 billion) is a gain in the sense that I can consider myself better off by $100 because I did not buy a suit which I never really intended to buy.

The Republican record is bad. They learn slowly. The ABC of fiscal policy which the Democratic Administration learned in the thirties has never been acquired by the Republican leaders. They are apparently not interested in the effects of government activity on the private sector of the economy. For a hundred years their fiscal policies have tended to be perverse—to accentuate both booms and depressions. Their plans for 1947 follow the same pattern.

Death of Empire in the Pacific

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE peoples of Southeast Asia are pushing irresistibly toward freedom from their colonial bonds. Indo-China has been aflame with strife between the French and the Viet Nam Republic. Negotiations at London have just settled the terms by which Burma is to gain its independence. Malayans are vigorously protesting against the constitution offered to them by the British. In Indonesia there is controversy over the plan for autonomy which has already been ratified by the Netherlands government—amid a fresh outbreak of fighting between the nationalists and the Dutch.

Although each of the three great colonial powers is striving separately to salvage as much as it can of the advantages it formerly enjoyed, the struggle for freedom in Indo-China, Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia is essentially one struggle. Ethnically and culturally the peoples of all four lands are closely related. It is an accident of history that they have been parts of three different empires. Their common fate in falling under Japanese occupation stirred up the nationalist ferment that even before the war was present in each area in varying stages of development. Also common to all has been the presence of an aggressive Communist minority which has sought to turn the nationalist agitation into hostility to the West.

An interesting similarity of pattern exists, too, in the measures adopted by the colonial powers to keep as much as possible of the fruits of empire. The British have sought to apply, with the flexibility demanded by varying local conditions, the formula of autonomy within the framework of the empire which they have found so successful with the dominions. The French and the Dutch have quite obviously borrowed the British formula. Although both have shown qualms about using force to retain their imperial advantages, they have not failed to take advantage of any improvement in their bargaining position that has been achieved by their arms.

The broad issues of the colonial peoples' struggle for freedom are reasonably well understood in this country. But inadequate and incompetent day-to-day reporting of events in the press has led to much confusion regarding the immediate situation in each country. Reports of a "final" agreement settling all outstanding questions have too often been followed by stories of renewed fighting, without any explanation being given for the sudden change. It must be admitted that the facts have often

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been obscure and difficult to ascertain. Both in Indo-China and in Indonesia headquarters of the nationalist forces have been located in relatively inaccessible spots, and correspondents have been inclined to depend on French and Dutch handouts.

THE VIET NAM REPUBLIC

If we rely solely on dispatches screened through Hanoi or Paris, the current uprising in Indo-China appears capricious and unreasonable. On the surface there seemed to be no reason for the Viet Nam Republic to go back on the agreement of March 6, which recognized its independence within the French Union. Nor have official French statements clarified the picture. Jean Roger Sainteny, Acting French High Commissioner, termed the insurrection the work of an active minority in the Viet Minh (League for the Independence of Viet Nam) which has unscrupulously manipulated the "politically amorphous and ignorant majority." He declared that he did not know whether Ho Chi Minh, President of the Viet Nam Republic, was "an instigator, an accomplice, or a dupe in the conspiracy against France." More recently the French have sought to give the impression that the revolt was Moscow-inspired.

These sensational charges were designed to obscure the basic issues in the dispute between the French and the Viet Namese. Although the March 6 agreement, signed under the guns of the French fleet, recognized the Viet Nam Republic as a free state with its own government, parliament, army, and finances, it left its composition indefinite. The wording of the agreement implied that the new state would include Tongking, Annam, and Cochin China, provided these states indicated their acquiescence by referendum. Cambodia and Laos, which are sparsely populated and little developed, were to have a degree of local autonomy but remain linked to France in matters of foreign policy. The rich Moi plateau was to be placed under a special commissariat which would assure the dominance of French economic interests. At the time the French were apparently reconciled to this arrangement. A few weeks later, however, French policy suddenly shifted with respect to Cochin China, the colony's richest agricultural area. Demonstrations staged in Saigon displayed the slogan *"Cochinchine pour les Cochinchinois."* On June 1, ostensibly because of their interest in protecting minorities, the French suddenly recognized an Autonomous Republic of Cochin China, with a Cabinet of nine men responsible to Admiral d'Argenlieu, the High Commissioner. Of the nine, seven were French citizens. The purpose of this action, according to the Viet Namese, was to prejudice the promised referendum against union with Viet Nam. The spurious nature of the autonomy movement seemed to be borne out by a statement made by its president, Dr. Thinh, on November 9 just before he hanged himself, in which he said that he was heartbroken at having led his adherents on such an adventure.

The French maneuver in Cochin China appears even more significant if one examines the structure of the Indo-Chinese Federation as drafted by the second Dalat conference this fall. The draft called for an "Assembly of States" composed of ten representatives from each of the five native states and ten representatives of French interests. With Cochin China separated from the Viet Nam Republic, the areas directly or indirectly under French control together with the "French interests" would outvote the Viet Nam forty to twenty. With Cochin China included in the Viet Nam Republic, as the nationalists insist it should be, power in the assembly would be equally divided between France and the Viet Nam.

Like parallel movements in Indonesia, Burma, and the Philippines, the Viet Minh has social revolutionary as well as nationalist aims. Its program places great emphasis, for example, on the development of village committees elected by universal suffrage. These committees are specifically charged with the task of reducing illiteracy and promoting economic rehabilitation. The Viet Nam regime met the threat of famine in 1945 by a series of radical economic measures, among which were the temporary diversion of all fallow land and agricultural machinery to the use of any would-be cultivator and an unprecedented program of crop diversification. Local French opposition to the republic probably springs more from economic than political conditions. The Viet Namese insist that the attitude of the plantation owners and the local French bureaucracy is primarily responsible for French intransigence with regard to Cochin China.

BURMA INDEPENDENT, MALAYA STILL BOUND

Burma's political aspirations bid fair to be satisfied. Under the agreement reached at London it obtained the right to choose between dominion status within the British Empire and full independence. The decision is to be made after a new constitution has been drafted by a Constituent Assembly which will be elected in April. Serious disagreement has arisen, however, among the various Burmese factions, and there is danger that recent political disturbances within the country may develop into full-fledged civil war. U Aung San, leader of the powerful Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, has come out whole-heartedly for the agreement, but he is opposed not only by the Communists but by Thakin Ba Sein, a member of the Governor's Executive Council, and U Saw, former Premier, whose pro-Japanese sympathies caused him to be arrested by the British in the early days of the war. As in Indo-China the situation is complicated by the presence of hill tribes whose minority interests, according to the British, would be jeopardized by their withdrawal. The chances of independence within

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a year, as demanded by a majority of the nationalists, appear to be very slim.

Scarcely any weakening in the ties of empire is discernible so far in Malaya. The new constitution which was made public on the day before Christmas contained no gift of independence for the Malayan people. While the British were forced to abandon the plan announced a year ago for placing the native states under direct British jurisdiction, the structure of the new Federation of Malaya, in which the rule of the native sultans and their British advisers is continued, and the retention of Singapore as a crown colony make it certain that there will be no loss of British influence or authority in the area. The new arrangement disfranchises Malaya's huge Chinese population. Though the existence of large numbers of Chinese and Indians has precluded the development of a nationalist movement comparable to that of Indo-China, Burma, or Indonesia, nationalist sentiment has mounted tremendously in recent years, and if the Chinese were not so fatally divided into left-wing and right-wing groups they would be a far more powerful political factor. It is generally agreed that outright independence is impracticable because of the deep-seated racial and national animosities in Malaya. But the rising demand for some measure of democracy and self-rule cannot be denied indefinitely.

THE DUTCH IN INDONESIA

In some respects the Dutch seem to have made the greatest progress of any of the colonial powers in reconciling their legitimate interests with the demands of nationalism. Perhaps this is because they are so weak militarily that they recognized from the start the impossibility of imposing a solution by force of arms. Although the British and Dutch occupation forces have repeatedly clashed with the Indonesians, they have never attempted to subjugate the interior and have limited their military activities to the areas in which there was a substantial European population.

The Cheribon agreement of November 18 providing for the creation of a United States of Indonesia linked with the Netherlands represented a striking triumph for Dutch diplomacy. The Indonesian Republic, consisting of Java, Madura, and Sumatra, gained complete independence in domestic matters, but the Dutch managed to salvage most of their pre-war economic privileges. The agreement gave them equal footing with the Indonesians in the matter of taxes and civil rights and provided for the restitution of foreign property and foreign rights. Thus the way is opened, legally at least, for a return of the great Dutch, British, and American cartels which dominated the economy of the East Indies before the war.

Borneo and the Eastern Islands have been made autonomous states within the United States of Indonesia, but as they are relatively backward politically, Dutch influence will probably continue to prevail. This influence, coupled with their direct representation in the proposed Indonesian-Netherlands Union, will give the Dutch a decisive voice in any dispute within the union.

Although the Dutch have on occasion denounced President Soekarno and other Indonesian leaders as "Communists" and "traitors," the Indonesian nationalist movement is somewhat more conservative than its counterpart in Indo-China or Burma. Communists played a fairly important role in building up the movement before the war, but they do not constitute its extremist wing. The extremists, who are strongly opposed to the republican government, are mostly the youthful leaders of local armed bands. A few, notably Soebardjo, who served as Soekarno's first Minister of Foreign Affairs, collaborated with the Japanese and were strongly influenced by their anti-white propaganda. The extremists are interested only in eliminating Dutch influence and have no common social program to advance. Nevertheless, an anti-Dutch policy carries anti-capitalist implications, since most of the plantations and oil reserves were in foreign hands before the war. The more moderate republican leaders have been careful not to advocate too radical economic reforms for fear of prejudicing their campaign for political freedom. In foreign relations they have turned toward the West rather than toward the Soviet Union. Russia seems to have espoused their cause in the United Nations without consulting or informing the Indonesian leaders.

President Soekarno has recently made sweeping changes in the composition of the provisional Indonesian Parliament in an effort to obtain increased support for the Cheribon agreement. Despite the opposition of many Dutch with heavy investments in the East Indies, the Netherlands Parliament approved the agreement by a comfortable margin. It is not at all certain, however, that Soekarno will gain the upper hand over the extremists and secure Indonesian ratification. Many Indonesians are reported to have been angered by the grudging spirit with which the Dutch accepted it, and the recent outbreak of fighting at Palembang has accentuated anti-Dutch feeling. Although both the Netherlands Commissioner General and the Indonesian Premier, Sjahrir, have anounced their willingness to sign the pact, they have disagreed sharply over the conditions under which they will do so. If the agreement is not put into effect, the Dutch will find themselves in an even worse position than that of the French in Indo-China. Since the departure of the last of the British troops on November 29 the military situation in Java has seriously deteriorated. Neutral observers doubt whether the Dutch could hold their present positions if fighting again became widespread.

Inasmuch as the Indonesians have increased both their

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military and their political strength in the past year, the Dutch would probably have very little chance of regaining a dominant position in the East Indies if the Cheribon agreement were rejected. They might retain their control over Borneo and the Eastern Islands, but they would almost certainly lose their favored position in the fabulously rich islands of Java and Sumatra. If the Dutch were forced out altogether, the French and British would immediately feel the consequence in their territories. A sudden disintegration in the colonial system might occur which would create profound problems for our time. It would cast an immediate and heavy burden, for example, on the United Nations: a number of relatively small independent states would be tempting bait for future aggressors unless an effective security system could be worked out. And long-existing colonial economies, which have yielded great wealth to the Western powers and provided the basis of much of the world's trade, could not be violently disrupted without far-reaching consequences.

If, on the other hand, the moderates triumph and the Cheribon agreement is accepted, it will undoubtedly set the pattern for colonial settlements throughout Southeast Asia. Though the ties of empire will have been loosened, they will remain sufficiently binding to preserve the balance of power in the Southwest Pacific and to prevent an economic upheaval. Socialist governments in Britain, France, and the Netherlands may then take steps to improve economic conditions among the colonial populations, but the kind of basic economic transformation that is needed will have to await the development of effective self-government.

Weizmann

BY R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London, February 3

IN RETROSPECT the central issue of the Zionist Congress at Basel was not the problem of participation in the London conference but the leadership of Weizmann. Once before, in 1930, he was rejected by his fellow-Zionists, but he soon reasserted his authority. It is almost certain that if partition is imposed he will take the lead again, invigorated by his absence. Certainly he would be desperately needed in a Jewish commonwealth whose first job would be to fight a civil war.

American commentators tend to explain Weizmann too easily as the protagonist of "the British connection" who has been repudiated simply because Britain has broken its word and thereby destroyed the basis of his case. In fact Weizmann belongs, as did Thomas Masaryk, to the last great generation of nineteenth-century liberals. Both men were representatives of that national liberalism which provided the philosophy for the League of Nations. They envisaged a world order in which the rule of law, conforming to the interests of civilized great powers, would protect the rights of minorities and foster the independence of small peoples. Speaking each for an emergent nation, they claimed and achieved equality of status in the councils of the League. Because both of them were men worthy to represent a great power, by sheer force of personality they put the little peoples on the map of world politics. If 630,000 Jews living in a few hundred square miles of the Middle East can assert their natural rights today against a great power, it is due above all else to the leadership, the devotion, and the shrewdness of Weizmann.

Weizmann
As seen by Oscar Berger

It is noticeable that Weizmann, like Masaryk, is a scholar as well as a statesman. If he had never become a Zionist, his name would be remembered as a man of science, and what marks him out from his Zionist colleagues is his peculiar pugnacious detachment. Like Masaryk he will fight for the truth all the more if he sees it to be politically inexpedient to do so, and he will denounce romantic phrase-making even when by so doing he appears to jeopardize the cause. I first saw him in Jerusalem during the Anglo-American hearings. Nearly blind, with cataracts on both eyes, he sat before us like an aged but more magnificent Lenin. One of the Americans, Mr. Buxton, asked him how long it would take to bring in President Truman's 100,000 Jews. He thought

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for a moment and then replied, "Two or three years perhaps. . . . I do not know. . . ." I could see perturbation among the Jewish politicians behind him, who were afraid that he had given a point away. But Weizmann was not prepared to say how long it would take unless he knew precisely, and his answer, though it disturbed his followers, immensely impressed the committee, which had been sickened by irresponsible propaganda.

Since then in many conversations I have noticed the same characteristic. He believes that it is the duty of a democratic leader not only to lead but to chastise his followers. At Basel, where he fought his greatest battle, he seemed determined that if he were elected President, it should be in defiance of every cherished illusion and easy compromise. All his life, despite the growing hostility of the British government since 1936, he has opposed every form of activism except illegal immigration, which he can justify because restriction of immigration by the authorities violates the fundamental law of the country. He has known that since 1939 he has been fighting a losing battle with his own people. But in his final speech at Basel he almost seemed to court defeat on this issue. Referring to the blowing up of the Jordan bridges last summer by the Haganah, he derisively asked whether the activists really expected the British authorities to take this lying down; and in another passage he jeered at Ben-Gurion, who has tried to steer a middle course, for asking, like the old Russian woman, "for a warm frost." Once again the superficial critic simply says that he is pro-British. But this is only a quarter-truth. Weizmann believes with all his being that for the Jews of Palestine violence is a crime against the Law, against themselves, and against the Jews of the Dispersal. And he continues to fight it with the intellectual furiosity of an old lion whose claws are still as sharp as ever.

It says much for the qualities of Jewry that for so long it has accepted the leadership of this intellectual titan who believes so sternly in the chastisement of those whom he loves. Even at the Basel congress, where he provoked the romantics almost insufferably, the delegates at one point in his final speech rose spontaneously and burst into the national song. The Jewish people, like the Russians, have a special admiration for intellectual courage, and that is Weizmann's special quality. For the sake of the truth he will destroy himself.

He first made his mark as a Zionist among the Russian students in Switzerland. At that time all the famous Menshevik and Bolshevik émigrés were there, dominating every electoral scene. Weizmann challenged them all—Lenin, Martov, Axelrod, and the rest—to debate, and for thirty-six hours on end they argued in Berne. "They had to call up Kautsky as a reinforcement from Berlin," he chuckles when he tells the story. After that his little Zionist group grew quickly.

This story is significant. Weizmann's political philosophy grew out of the conditions of pre-revolutionary Russia, and this fact has influenced the political development of the National Home. Even today it is dominated politically by Russian and Polish Jews. Money has come from America, money and technical skill from Germany and Austria; but leadership remains with the Slavs. The only great American Jew who ever challenged Weizmann's leadership seriously was Brandeis, who in the early twenties argued that Zionism need not concentrate on political endeavor. Weizmann fought him and defeated him. Today the real political protagonist of activism is not the American Silver but the Russian Ben-Gurion.

It may well be—I often think it is—that Weizmann's opposition to activism is out of date. If there had been no Haganah, it is arguable that the White Paper would have been successfully enforced by a British government obsessed by the Russian menace. But it is equally true that Ben-Gurion, without the steadying influence of Weizmann, would have led the Yishuv into utter disaster. For Weizmann is not a pacifist or mystic like Gandhi but a statesman who opposes violence on purely rational grounds. More than any other Jew he has a personal feeling for every man, and woman, and orange grove, and collective settlement in Palestine. The Palestinians are his children, and the death of one is a personal blow to him—the loss of one priceless cell in the embryo Jewish nation which he has nurtured with all the care of a scientist. Better than some others, he knows that the National Home cannot afford to waste the life of its children. If he is proud of its strength, his pride never blinds him to its desperate weakness. If he loves its democratic freedoms, he sees with merciless objectivity the corroding effect of secret conspiracy upon free institutions. If he fights for an independent commonwealth, he never forgets that a small nation will always require the protection of a great power and that the great power must be persuaded that its interests conform to the needs of the small nation. Weizmann knows that to cherish the National Home through infancy requires not merely devotion and money but the wisdom of the serpent.

But the National Home for him is not merely another small nation. He repudiates angrily analogies with Ireland and South Africa or with the American War of Independence. He knows that the National Home is unique because its citizens have left millions of hostages in other lands. Everything which happens in Palestine affects the Jews all over the world. He has no illusions about anti-Semitism. He knows the effects in England of the troubles of the past twelve months; and though he blames the British government, he realizes that this does not alter the fact that a murder committed by a Jew is more terrible in its consequences than a thousand Gentile crimes.

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"Thank God," he once observed, "that there weren't twenty G. I.'s in the King David's Hotel explosion. That might have caused pogrom."

Often before going to visit him I have said to myself, "He is too old. History has overtaken him. Arthur Koestler is right. This is the political Ice Age, and the revolver is the new Esperanto."

For hours we argue it out, and then, walking home late at night, I realize that I have once again been defeated—intellectually. If this is indeed the political Ice Age, then all talk of a Jewish commonwealth is utopian. And I reflect that the future of the Jews depends upon whether Great Britain can prove that Weizmann is right.

Journeys in South Russia

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

1. Rostov and the Spas.

Moscow, January 15

THIS is an account of a tour I made in South Russia and the Caucasus last July and August. A Polish colleague accompanied me; otherwise I was unescorted. Of the main points of the journey I informed the Soviet authorities in Moscow in advance. But between these points I traveled unobserved, as far as I know, and wherever I liked. I traveled on local trains and buses, hitch-hiked, got lifts from army lorries. Only in Georgia, where ignorance of the Georgian language is a serious handicap, did an official conduct me through the rural regions.

Nalchik, in the foothills of the Caucasus Mountains, is the last large town which the Germans captured during their invasion of the area in 1942. They inflicted considerable destruction, though probably less—except for a few cities which were partly or wholly destroyed—than in other parts of the Soviet Union. This was because in January, 1943, they fled from the Caucasus even faster than they had invaded it.

The northern Caucasus is therefore relatively well off, and the southern Caucasus and Trans-Caucasia suffered practically no damage except for casualties. The line between the devastated and—relatively—non-devastated regions of Russia may be said to run somewhere south of Rostov, the gateway of the Caucasus.

Rostov stands high on the right, or northern, bank of the Don. On the other side of the mighty blue river are the immense and lush green fields of the Kuban, stretching two hundred miles to the south, as far as the mountains. All day long ferry steamers scuttle across the river to take hundreds of townspeople to their vegetable plots. Nearly everyone has his individual plot, where he "grew for victory" when the Germans were not there or grew to keep alive when they were. On the Rostov side is the dingy, half-destroyed dockland of the city, with its cranes, warehouses, and grain elevators.

Although there was little street fighting in any of the four battles for Rostov, the city is about 50 per cent destroyed. But it is a live city. Flying here from Moscow, you feel that you are in the South. The main streets are lined with acacias. There is much singing, laughter, and music in the town; the crowds are noisier, rowdier, gayer than in Moscow; the girls prettier. And though half the houses in the main streets are mere shells, bands play in all the numerous public parks at night, lots of people dance, and ice cream and lemonade stalls do a brisk trade.

The harvest prospects were unsatisfactory. Although south of Rostov in the rich Kuban plains the weather was favorable, in the Don country there was a fairly serious drought. Even so, apricots, peaches, cherries, and plums were plentiful in the market, and so were vegetables and milk. The market is a center of social life in Rostov, as is the badly destroyed railway station. Once a day the great luxury express from Moscow to Tiflis passes through this station—complete with barber's shop, shower baths, dining cars, and wireless. But transport is still at a low ebb in the Soviet Union, and only twelve long-distance passenger trains and fourteen locals leave Rostov each day. The shortage of rolling stock is still very serious and accounts for many economic difficulties.

Rostov had 550,000 inhabitants before the war; now, with only about half the pre-war dwelling space, it has 420,000. Most of the public buildings—among them the immense new theater built in 1935—were destroyed by the retreating Germans. The most important single industry in Rostov was the Rostselmash, the biggest agricultural-machinery plant in the Soviet Union, employing over 30,000 people. It was a very modern plant, producing tens of thousands of tractor plows and thousands of combine harvesters a year, and it prided itself on the social amenities it provided for its workers. I found it

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a scene of almost utter desolation. Only about one-tenth of the workshops had been restored. These were beginning to produce some new machinery, but the main work was still the clearing of rubble, mostly by German and Hungarian prisoners. The Hungarians, however, were about to be sent home as the Rumanians had been.

The workshops that were in operation had either new Russian machinery or German reparations machinery. A number of conveyor belts were working. But the interesting point, as the director of the plant stressed, was that practically all the labor at the plant was new labor, and that the "old" people, who had been evacuated, with most of the machinery, to the east, would remain there, or at any rate many of the skilled workers would. It is hoped that Rostselmash in the course of time will be "doubled"—that is, a plant in the east will work with the old cadres and the old machinery, while a new Rostselmash will use new workers and new machinery. The expansion of other industries will be obtained in the same way under the present Five-Year Plan. But the shortage of skilled labor is still so severely felt, the director said, that he did not think production would be "back to pre-war" until 1949 or 1950.

For the restoration and rebuilding of Rostov there are vast and ambitious plans. Residential districts will be built between the main street, half a mile from the river, and the new embankment. Architecturally the city will be considerably changed. There will be much "neo-classic" architecture—a reaction against the "constructivist" and purely "functional" architecture of the thirties in the Soviet Union. Domes, spires, and cupolas will give Rostov a new sky line. "How long," I asked the city architect, "will it take to build the new Rostov?" It would be "patched up," he said, in five or six years; the completion of all the new "architectural ensembles," he thought, would take not less than fifteen years. He added that the Don would be deepened so that Rostov, with its potentially great export trade in grain, could become a port for large seagoing vessels. Also—and this is typical of all the planning in Russia today—Rostov was not to be allowed to grow larger than 650,000. The present tendency is against the "colossal"—in cities, buildings, and industries—and toward decentralization.

Kislovodsk

It was not easy at Rostov to get a seat on the "spas" train to the four celebrated health resorts in the northern Caucasus—Kislovodsk, Piatigorsk, Zheleznovodsk, and Essentuki. It was the middle of July, and the holiday rush had begun in real earnest—for the first time since 1940. "The crowds at the station in Moscow are incredible," said the woman guard in my carriage. "Permits are no longer needed for traveling, and there just aren't enough trains."

However, through the good offices of the Rostov City Council we managed to get two berths in a four-berth, second-class compartment. The other occupants were a very stout silent woman who was going to Kislovodsk for "a course of slimming" and a jovial little man, a party official from the Siberian town of Kurgan, who had been traveling for nearly a week and was also on his way to a twenty-six-day "cure."

Soviet Kislovodsk, the largest of the four spas, lies in a hollow between four mountains. Whereas Piatigorsk was badly damaged by the retreating Germans, Kislovodsk, with its sixty sanitariums, is almost intact. It is an enormous "health factory," where everything runs like clockwork. Lord Citrine's legendary "bath plug that wouldn't fit," which became for him a symbol of Russian inefficiency, is typical of many things in the Soviet Union, especially since the war—ordinary comforts are not something to which the Russians normally give much time and thought—but spick-and-span Kislovodsk is different. Its sanitariums prove that the Russians can do things as efficiently as any Swiss hotelkeeper if they want to, and have the time and the means. They are also very dull. Every meal, every hour of the day, follows a strict routine: the after-lunch siesta, the cinema show at eight, the glass of sour milk brought to your "ward" by an immaculate nurse at ten, the lights out at eleven. And in the once romantic park of Kislovodsk, round the celebrated Narzan spring where you take the waters, arrows show the paths that fat men are to follow if ordered a morning walk of twenty, forty, or sixty minutes.

These health resorts in the Caucasus are taken very seriously by the government. It considers them an important part of the industrial machine, designed to restore the full working capacity of the more valuable executives and workers. After four years of war many of these people are seriously worn down. They care little about excursions and sightseeing, but I have never known people who enjoyed the scientific boredom of sanitarium life more thoroughly than these patients at Kislovodsk, as they lounge in the sunny gardens under the poplar trees and the ubiquitous plaster statues of young athletes.

While all this affects only a relatively small number

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of people in the Soviet Union, it is part of the rational organization of holidays which the government includes in its industrial planning. If this year Kislovodsk was able to handle 100,000 patients, it will handle twice that number before long. And soon the holiday-makers here and at other health resorts—some needing "cures," others merely rest cures—will run into several million a year.

Catholics and Hollywood

Beverly Hills, Cal., February 6

THE thread that has held the sword of Catholic disapproval over the film industry appeared to have snapped yesterday when members of Our Lady's Sodality for Southern California announced they were going to boycott all movies for a month in an effort to "clean up indecent films." The boycotters have hopes of enlisting 6,000,000 Catholic students in a national drive to show Hollywood "we mean business."

There have been other signs that Catholic elements in the country have again decided to constitute themselves censors of communications. Several liberal news commentators are said to have been dropped from various radio networks because they dealt realistically with the Vatican in world politics; and the church hierarchy is making an outspoken attempt to impose its censorship on the motion-picture industry.

On January 17 Archbishop J. J. Cantwell, in *Tidings*, the official organ of the Los Angeles diocese, made public the following pronouncement on "Duel in the Sun": "Pending classification by the Legion of Decency, Catholics may not, with a free conscience, attend the motion picture 'Duel in the Sun.' This motion picture, to which the National Legion of Decency was not accorded the usual advance showing, appears to be morally offensive and spiritually depressing." An accompanying editorial by William H. Mooring asserted that the film indicates "the beginning of a new and dangerous Hollywood trend toward screen realism in which no regard is shown either for reticence or appeals to reason."

David O. Selznick, producer of the film, defended himself by saying: "I am particularly surprised at the Archbishop's statement in view of the fact that at all times we worked closely with the Production Code Administration of the Motion Picture Association. All suggestions made by the Production Code Administration were followed to the letter. The result was that we received the Production Code seal of approval without question." He further declared that the only reason the Legion of Decency was not given a print to view was the delay in receiving a color print of the film from the Technicolor plant, where the workers have been on strike for many weeks. No print, he said, was available for anyone's viewing until he was able to get one for the film's world première in Hollywood on December 28.

The important issue here is not whether Selznick has a moral picture or an offensive picture, but whether a small segment of the population is to impose its standards on all the rest—whether one group has the right to decide for everyone what is right or wrong. This brings up the question of the audience to whom pictures are to be directed. Must Hollywood continue to make pictures on a low intellectual level simply because some subjects are too complex, morally, for the immature who unquestionably form a large part of the audience? If the susceptibilities of children and clerics must be protected, can Hollywood ever make a mature picture, as the European films judged by most critics the best of the year's showing are mature—"The Open City," "The Well-Digger's Daughter," "Brief Encounter"?

Hollywood maintains a strong self-policing organization in the Production Code Authority of the Motion Picture Producers' Association, referred to in Selznick's statement. The authority was formed with the help of the Legion of Decency, the Parent-Teachers' Association, the Federation of Women's Clubs, and other community and religious groups, and well-paid members of these organizations keep a close watch to see that every rule is lived up to. Since the standards of the Legion of Decency were incorporated in the code, the Archbishop's pronouncement appears to be some sort of super-censorship imposed on an adequate existing body, a censorship which will base its decisions on its own whim rather than on defined standards.

The picture made from Samuel Shellabarger's "Captain from Castile" has aroused numerous protests by its distortion both of the novel and of history. The Legion of Decency could not permit people to see a cruel and corrupt priest on the screen or to learn about the evils of the Inquisition. The character of the priest in "The Fugitive" has also been whitewashed. Based on "The Labyrinthine Ways," by Graham Greene, "The Fugitive" is now being filmed in Mexico in both English and Spanish by the distinguished director John Ford. It stars Henry Fonda. RKO-Radio Pictures will release it. The novel presented the priest as a brandy-drinker with a mistress and an illegitimate child. He was none the less a sympathetic character, a meek man continuing to lead the meek to God. In the screen version the priest no longer drinks and the girl is the mistress of the pursuing lieutenant of police.

But as Sam Goldwyn said when he was asked about the Archbishop's pronouncement, "About this particular matter I can only say where do I get off to criticize the church?"

R. K. R.

R. K. R. is a Hollywood resident well acquainted with the motion-picture industry.

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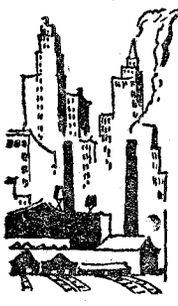

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Chessie Chases the Fat Cats

CHESSIE, totem of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, appears as a mild-looking tabby kitten in the advertisements, but in Wall Street she has a reputation as a general hell-raiser who delights in chivvying the sleepy fat cats of the railroad and banking world. For, to borrow from the language of witchcraft, she is the "familiar" of Robert R. Young, the Texas outsider who by brains, brass, pugnacity, and publicity has made himself a power to be reckoned with in the fields of finance and transportation.

It is now some ten years since Mr. Young and his associates picked up the Van Sweringen empire at a bargain-basement price and so acquired control of the profitable Chesapeake and Ohio and several other less flourishing lines. It was a very much encumbered empire at that time, and he came very near to losing it before the war-time boom in traffic made it possible for him to restore the solvency of the Alleghany Corporation, its top holding company, and of various operating companies. There were battles in board rooms and law courts and furious proxy-gathering campaigns before Young beat down the opposition of the Morgan crowd. Following the policy of if you can't join them, beat them, he carried the war into the enemy camp by successfully crusading for the principle of competitive bidding in railroad and public-utility financing. Now blessed by the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission, competitive bidding has squeezed much of the gravy from the business of underwriting railroad securities, which used to be a practical monopoly of Kuhn, Loeb and the house of Morgan.

More recently Young has set out to reform the most depressed and threatened branch of railroading—passenger business. His advertising campaign to obtain "coast-to-coast" Pullman service attracted a lot of favorable publicity and won a speedy success. His bid to buy the Pullman sleeping-car service, however, has been stymied by the ICC, which, over the opposition of the Justice Department, is backing a plan for its joint operation by forty-six railroads. He is also facing heavy odds in opposing the Bulwinkle bill, which aims to exempt rate-making agreements by carriers from the anti-trust laws and which he sees as making possible "the elimination of competition in the railroad industry."

Currently Young's most spectacular activity is his bid for control of the vast New York Central system. In the past few months Alleghany Corporation has acquired 309,500 shares of Central's stock, or 4.8 per cent of that outstanding. This seems like a very small proportion, but it is nearly twice as large as the next biggest single holding in the company, the 160,000 shares owned by the Union Pacific. Commenting on this situation, Cyrus S. Eaton, the Cleveland financier who has frequently been associated with Young, said recently: "From now on you can claim New York Central as Robert R. Young property." Young himself does not go so far at present. Testifying at a Senate hearing on February 4, his representative, Robert W. Purcell, was careful to point out that pending ICC approval of the transfer of the New York Central stock the Alleghany group has no right "to vote it." In fact, under ICC instructions, the stock has been deposited with the Chase National Bank as voting trustee, and Chase, as it happens, has some rather close connections with the present Central board of directors.

To me, as an outside observer, this whole episode furnishes an illuminating illustration of the comparative ease with which vast enterprises owned by tens of thousands of shareholders can be brought under the control of one man by means of a relatively insignificant investment and so come to be regarded as "his property." Young and his associates actually own only a fraction of Alleghany's capital, but it is enough to give them a working control over that company. Alleghany in turn controls Chesapeake and Ohio through a 6.7 per cent holding of its common stock, and that railroad controls the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis (the Nickel Plate), the Père Marquette, and the Wheeling and Lake Erie. Thus thousands of miles of line and hundreds of millions of dollars of capital are tied together with shoestrings and manipulated by one man. And now another shoestring may link New York Central to his domain.

The question that I should like to raise is: Where do the real owners of these businesses, the ordinary, voiceless stockholders, come in? Are they consulted, or are they treated simply as cannon-fodder in a bankers' battle? For instance, there is reason to believe that Alleghany is planning to transfer its New York Central holding to Chesapeake and Ohio. Are the people who own 92.3 per cent of the C. and O. stock being asked whether they want to risk their funds in so speculative an enterprise as New York Central? To the best of my knowledge they are not.

In making this point I am not singling Mr. Young out for criticism but merely using his case as an example of the way in which minority tails wag corporation dogs. There are, in fact, numerous major concerns in which the controlling group has a far smaller stake than Young has in his enterprises. American Telephone and Telegraph, for instance, is managed by a group with an infinitely small investment; its 700,000 shareholders do not have any real voice in its affairs.

Given a system which encourages the divorce of ownership and management, mavericks like Young are a useful antidote to corporate stagnation. Certainly his dictatorship over the Alleghany empire appears to have had beneficial results for the stockholders. He has cleaned up the messy financial structure of the holding company and reduced the debts of the operating companies. And he has introduced much-needed new blood into their management. On his record the small stockholders of New York Central, who have every reason to be dissatisfied with their present board of directors, might well welcome Young's capture of their property. Should he achieve that, he has let it be known, he will first "throw the bankers out" and then concentrate on the problem of increasing passenger traffic. Next week I shall discuss his and other ideas on this problem, which is perhaps the most urgent facing the railroad industry today.

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IN ONE EAR

BY LOU FRANKEL

THE new series by Norman Corwin, "One World Flight," presented by CBS on Tuesday evenings at 10 p.m., has now been heard three times, and a critical evaluation is warranted. In this series Corwin abandons the production methods he brought to so high a level and uses the technique of the "actuality" broadcast. To Corwin the step may seem a logical one, but to his audience, familiar with the Corwin use of sound and music and actors, and expecting him to strum their senses as he has done so often in the past, the change is at first disturbing. It is as if the late John Barrymore decided, without warning, to play "Hamlet" in pantomime. His audience would be caught off balance and spend its time wondering instead of appreciating.

That is how people respond to "One World Flight." Waiting to be moved emotionally by Corwin's words, by actors perfectly attuned to their parts, and by a musical background that intensifies the dramatic effect, Corwin's audience find themselves getting reality instead; and reality has many rough edges.

The program, as you probably know, is the result of Corwin's global flight last summer as the first winner of the Wendell Willkie One World Award. With him went a CBS technician and a wire-tape recorder. Everywhere Corwin went the recorder went too, except when it was in the repair shop. (Having lugged a wire recorder to the ETO as a correspondent, I know first hand some of the frustrations that harried Corwin.) Every voice, except the narration by the producer, all the sounds you hear were recorded on the spot. The noise of the Moscow subway, the cries of London flower venders, the hammering of carpenters in Manila—all were "real."

But in itself this actuality is not enough to provide top-notch dramatic entertainment. One misses such tricks as fading the sound of the plane motors into the singing of a group of Arabs, to give a sense of the swiftness of modern plane travel. Corwin did this at the opening of the program but was never able to repeat it, for with tape recording there can be no rehearsals or rewrites, no "breathing life and feeling" into a scene. What you have on the cold tape is all you can get. So "One World Flight" is not Norman Corwin as we know him from previous performances. It is more like a radio newsreel full of bits and pieces, vignettes linked by the narration, with its recurring themes of peace and one-worldism.

Next Tuesday night listen to "One World Flight" with this in mind, and you will appreciate the ability of Corwin—and his courage too. Norman Corwin is no "tired liberal." He believes in Willkie's One World, and he jumped at the chance to rub elbows with people all round the globe. He resolved to let every working stiff, every white-collar man and housewife and fighting man in America hear just what their opposite number in other countries had to say. That is the strength of the program. From the lips of the people one learns of their passionate desire for peace and their conviction that peace can be attained only through acceptance of the one-world creed.

Unfortunately, the broadcasts lack the peaks and climaxes that tug at the heart and make the pulses beat. Perhaps Corwin is playing it that way on purpose. One of the best bits so far has been the Italian woman, on the first program, who had lost her father, husband, two children, and ten close relatives in the war. She spoke in Italian, but the pathos and hopelessness of her situation came through in her voice. Also good was the Australian stevedore who said bluntly, "I'm one of the aristocracy of labor," and explained without a trace of pompousness, "We lead in matters of progress." Then there was the man of the French resistance who, when he saw Corwin's pocket camera, said, "Many more of us would be alive if we had had cameras like that."

Corwin's narration contains some striking phrases. As the plane was flying from England to France, he spoke of the fighting men, "lying beyond view with the English Channel across their chests . . . if those boys could talk they would go for the idea of a world made one."

If you are annoyed with CBS for putting Corwin on at the same time as Bob Hope remember this. In the first place, CBS does not have to go so far overboard on the investment as it would if it canceled sponsored time earlier in the evening. In the second place, it gets a "class" show for a spot that has had few listeners, owing to the competition. Thirdly, if Corwin gets a good rating with this show—which unfortunately he has not had as yet—CBS has a property that can be sold to a sponsor.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Philosophy and the Police

SOVIET PHILOSOPHY: A STUDY OF THEORY AND PRACTICE. By John Somerville. Philosophical Library. $3.75.

AN OBJECTIVE exposition and analysis of Soviet philosophy and practice would meet a genuine educational need. Even a tendencious account would still be serviceable were it based on authentic fact. Unfortunately, in this book Mr. Somerville has written a crude piece of apologetics which would hardly warrant notice save that it treats of some subjects with which not many are familiar. The author pretends merely to report the facts and not to evaluate them, but at almost every point he justifies what he finds, answers in advance hypothetical criticisms, sometimes with derision, and, most culpable of all, suppresses relevant information.

According to Mr. Somerville, it is a mistake to say that freedom and democracy do not exist in the Soviet Union. The Soviet philosophers, scientists, and artists enjoy "freedom," but they define the term differently. Whereas our philosophers understand by freedom the right to follow the lead of intelligence and evidence to reach conclusions in independence of the state—Mr. Somerville calls this the principle of laissez faire in culture—the Soviet philosopher enjoys freedom *from* the individual responsibility of reaching critical conclusions about anything on which the state, that is, the Communist Party, has taken a position. The Soviet philosopher, he tells us, "does not want or need the freedom of laissez faire; he wants and needs freedom from laissez faire, from the consequences of what he considers philosophic irresponsibility." Similarly with respect to artistic, scientific, and political freedom. "The Soviet citizen would not wish to be free from the society in which he lives. . . . He does not want to be let alone by the state." In short, he simply loves his own freedom *from* intellectual freedom as we understand it.

The claim made by fascist dictatorships that their citizens are free in this sense, too, Mr. Somerville disallows on the ground that the two dictatorships are not identical. This is perfectly true, but neither were the dictatorships of Mussolini and Hitler identical. The author is guilty of the elementary logical error of assuming that because two things are not identical, none of their features or relations can be the same. Assuming the correctness of his assertion that this is the kind of freedom Soviet citizens want, what he does not explain is why a secret police is necessary, why the periodic purges, why the absence of free speech and press. After all, if the "vast majority" freely desire the rule of the Communist Party, as he claims, nothing could be easier than to give them an opportunity to accept or reject it.

Before going on to more important matters, I wish to give an illustration of how threadbare Mr. Somerville's apologetics are. He denies that the Soviet Union can properly be called "totalitarian," if we mean by that the rule of a one-party political system. For, he argues, this is to overlook the fact that the aims of Soviet one-party rule are different from the aims of fascist one-party rule. However, "if the term totalitarian means, given to planning, then it could be properly applied to the Soviet Union." But this is false usage on his own principle since fascist dictatorships plan, too. If it is illegitimate to call the Soviet Union totalitarian in the first sense, it is illegitimate in the second. By the same principle it could not be called either a dictatorship or a democracy. The principle would render us speechless.

No matter how we characterize the Soviet Union, the essential point is what occurs there. And on this Mr. Somerville is a very unreliable guide. His chapter on the Soviet arts summarizes some of the discussions on the nature of art but says not a word—*and this in a book devoted to Soviet practice*—about the ruthless suppression of any literary tendency considered unhealthy by Communist Party functionaries. The nearest he comes to intimating that the Soviet arts are in effect subject to police control is in this masterful understatement: "In newspapers and magazines, on stage and screen, in the popular and fine arts of the Soviet Union, there is a strong sense of ideological direction." But he is eloquently silent about what happens to those who stray from this direction, about the fate of a long line of literary men from Pilniak to Zoschenko. Here the official Communist Party press is much more honest than Mr. Somerville. Item from decree of August 14, 1946: "The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union decrees: The editors of *Zvezda* are to correct the line of the magazine . . . while forbidding access to the magazine for the works of Zoschenko, Akhmatova, and others like them. . . . Comrade A. M. Egolin is appointed editor-in-chief of *Zvezda* while retaining his functions as acting chief of the Propaganda Administration of the Communist Party."

It is in the fields of philosophy and social science, about which Mr. Somerville professes to know most, that his distortions are the most flagrant—and this in both theory and practice. According to him, if a Soviet philosopher runs foul of the shifting party line he is sweetly reasoned with until he sees the error of his ways. "Soviet problems and conditions have not been such as to make dissent seem like a value in itself," he coyly observes. He then adds: "The principle acted on in the Soviet Union is not that the holding of incorrect philosophical views by a given individual *must* result in dangerous political activity. If such were the principle all the philosophers criticized in important controversies . . . would have come under political charges." This is disingenuous in the extreme because the point is, as Mr. Somerville very well knows, that unless they *recant,* like Deborin, all who deviate in any field of culture *do* come under political charges and disappear—to mention just a few, Slutski, Riazanov, Sorin, Adoratsky. Mr. Somerville cannot point to a single philosopher or social scientist who has refused to recant who is not either dead or in a concentration camp.

The principle acted on in the Soviet Union is the precise

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opposite of the one stated by Somerville. Philosophical deviation, indeed all theoretical deviation, *must* lead to dangerous political activity according to official doctrine. This doctrine was introduced by Stalin himself and enunciated most clearly by Mitin, his leading spokesman, who wrote: "When one speaks of the new phase of development in dialectical materialism one must stress with special emphasis the *Leninist principle of the party character of philosophy, natural science, and science in general.* The principle is a further development of the Marxist proposition concerning the class character of science and philosophy." From the *party character* of philosophy and science, and the view that there is an indissoluble unity between theory and practice, it follows that any philosophical deviation, unless checked by the state, that is, the police power, must lead to anti-party activity. This is of course a political offense—sometimes a capital offense. If there is any doubt about this connection between philosophic deviation and dangerous political activity, the official resolution of the Bureau of the Moscow Institute of Red Professors made it clear years ago: "The smallest deviation from the true Marxist Leninist positions even in the most abstract questions of theory is acquiring today an important political significance, exhibiting a decided class orientation, which is ultimately directed against the dictatorship of the workers."

Needless to say, Mr. Somerville does not quote these passages. What is worse, he remains silent about the slogan for "the bolshevization of philosophy," which is still official doctrine. This was launched at the time Stalin discovered that Deborin was guilty of "menshevizing idealism." The latter recanted in the classic manner of the defendants in the subsequent Moscow trials. "What is demanded of us is a complete and unconditional capitulation. This is also my point of view. We menshevizing idealists must completely disarm ourselves. We must be grateful to the Central Committee and above all to our leader Stalin for having exposed us in time and for having given us an opportunity to correct and get rid of our mistakes."

In fact, it is the party character of philosophy and science which logically explains why there is a party line in all fields of culture from art to astronomy. As late as December, 1938, the denial of the "infinity of the universe with respect to space as well as time" was castigated as "counter-revolutionary bourgeois ideology." And a few years earlier Colman wrote: "It is our party and our leader, Stalin, who directs from the position and in the spirit of Lenin all our sciences, including the physical sciences." The most reliable account of the period in Russian philosophy Mr. Somerville discusses will be found in a series of articles by Jerome Rosenthal, the outstanding American authority on the subject, in the *Modern Monthly* for 1936.

Even where philosophy is free from laissez faire, to use Mr. Somerville's language, great philosophical syntheses have been produced in the past—for example, the works of Aquinas and Scotus. And there is no a priori reason why the Soviet ideologists may not produce something impressive. But on the evidence assembled by Mr. Somerville that day is still far away.

SIDNEY HOOK

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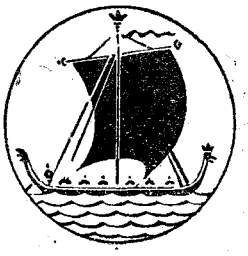

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I Have Seen It

HOW IT HAPPENS. Talk About the German People, 1914-1933, with Erna von Pustau. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. $3.

IT IS not very often that a reviewer has the pleasure of offering a full recommendation of a book: it can be said simply that Erna von Pustau's personal, conversational account of the decaying of German society cannot be read too widely, especially in America. "How It Happens" is nowhere uninteresting, and in total it is both revealing and significant.

The informal and intimate method of simple conversation which Miss Buck has chosen is a surprisingly effective one. Its greatest virtue is its absolute lack of pretension. The book is not, and does not pretend to be, a complete story of anything—not even of Erna von Pustau's life in Germany. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to describe concisely just what is contained between the covers of "How It Happens." There is certainly the German woman's autobiography; and a history of the social and political decay of her middle-class family; an accurate description of the milestones along the course of a deathbound generation; a rather close account of the making of a radical in Weimar Germany; a presentation of the facts, personal and objective, of war, inflation, and the rise of fascism. (The failure of socialism is not chronicled with adequate detail or insight—in part, by mistaken choice of the authors, I am sure.) Primarily, perhaps, the book contains just the conversation—the monologue, really—of an earnest, sensitive, well-instructed woman who happens to have something terribly important to say.

(To avoid misunderstanding, it may be important to say that no question of art or literature exists here. "How It Happens" is not even much of a document for historians. Dozens, maybe hundreds, of German refugees could have told a similar story, and with an equal amount of honesty and perception.)

Miss Buck, who happily acts as prompter rather than participant, makes only one point of the German woman's story: this is how it happens, she says—in Germany, and maybe in the United States also. It is a very well-taken point. Erna von Pustau's account is largely from a bourgeois point of view, and concerns the deterioration—the ripening for fascism—of a normal bourgeois family. In America there is so much prosperity that the process of decay goes on chiefly under the surface; but only the wilfully blind will fail to see the relevance of the German experience. As late as 1928 the official Social Democratic leaders were counting on a continuing period of prosperity in Germany. Hitler possessed no greater weapon than this monumental, criminal innocence of the progressive powers.

Fascism can take up its task of destroying a people only after the left has failed to seize power, or to use that power to introduce the socialist resolution of modern problems. This remains the deepest truth about fascism.

DAVID T. BAZELON

Perspective on Japan

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE SWORD. Patterns of Japanese Culture. By Ruth Benedict. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

IN HER latest book, a fruit of her researches in OWI during the war, Miss Benedict shows us once again, in a new field, that the well-founded theory of the essential biological similarity of all races does not mean that "human nature" is everywhere the same.

It would be difficult to imagine a society with a more elaborate code of conventional behavior than that of Japan; the necessity of satisfying countless exacting requirements, which sometimes leads to moral conflicts that can be resolved only by suicide, always imposes the burden of infinite circumspection. The famous Japanese politeness is a mechanism for obviating, as far as possible, the more drastic exactions of the code. Miss Benedict does not give us, however, the usual anthropological description of a society, with a separate chapter on kinship, one on government, and so forth. She seems to be interested in specific-role patterns mainly as data for something else—the exposition of underlying half-conscious premises and patterns of response, patterns connected, to be sure, with the expectations making up adult roles but dependent also on tradition and childhood training; patterns that, once explained, help us to understand Japanese responses in new, as well as in stereotyped, situations. Not only are the old and familiar contradictions between loyalty and "treachery," between tact and cruelty, resolved for us, but we come to understand better the unexpected cooperativeness with which the Japanese have reacted to occupation, despite their previous, equally genuine determination to fight us to the death.

The peculiar plan of the book, however, has certain limitations as well as great merits. It is not enough to describe the patterns of aggression that are psychologically possible for the Japanese. It is not enough to point out that Japan's war on China was an extension of the ingrained principle of hierarchy, or that aggression against the United States, given the extreme sensitivity of the Japanese to slights and their pattern of avenging insults, was an understandable response to the Exclusion Act. Doubtless these patterns were involved; but there is some danger that the reader, if not the author, may commit the "fallacy of misplaced concreteness" and imagine that they were sufficient. By emphasizing common thought and behavior patterns Miss Benedict tends to obscure their unequal effect on different groups. In particular, she pays little attention to the changing structure of situations within which the patterns must "work out." In every country to which the Industrial Revolution has spread it has of course disrupted a traditional social order. The changes always tend to produce new sources and channels of aggression, of which some, such as the "class struggle," are general and others are peculiar to the interaction of industrialization with the particular characteristics of the traditional society in question. This interaction was considerably different in England, France, Germany, and Japan. Veblen remarked in "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution" (1915) that the disruptive impact of rapid industrialization on the "dynastic," hierarchical social structure of Japan would probably lead to an explosive nationalism similar to what developed in Germany.

In order to understand this process, however, the reader of Miss Benedict's book would do well to consult in addition "Japan's Prospect," edited by

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Douglas G. Haring, especially the chapter on social structure. The two books, though they have different purposes and different merits, can be integrated with each other without too much difficulty. In any case, "The Chrysanthemum and the Sword," despite limitations perhaps inherent in the author's intention, deserves the most careful scrutiny of specialists and general readers both. It would be highly desirable to have works of like scope and method on other important nations, such as China and Russia. Not the least merit of such studies is that they give us new, much-needed perspectives on ourselves.

HARRY M. JOHNSON

Drang Nach Westen

THE SOVIET IMPACT ON THE WESTERN WORLD. By E. H. Carr. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

AMONG the select but small group of authors who are neither pro- nor anti-Soviet Professor Carr may claim a prominent position. His new book helps more than any other to lift the "iron curtain" of confused concepts and intentional misapprehensions. But Professor Carr seems to overlook the fact that Western democracy is willing to tolerate attacks against its very foundations, whereas the Soviet Union, at present, has not established any guaranties of civil liberty or of individual freedom. Whether economic planning in England and elsewhere resulted from the economic impact of the Soviet Union is rather questionable. Even the author admits that "capitalism itself paved the way for planning on a national scale" and that by opposing planning "capitalism becomes reactionary and seeks to arrest the natural process of its own development." Two world wars helped make a planned economy inevitable. Today, in order to compete with the Soviet Union's foreign-trade monopoly, forms of state trading will probably be set up in other countries.

Most important of all has been the Soviets' impact on international relations. Fascism and Nazism have imitated their methods, and capitalism has been shaken by them; but the advantage will remain on the Soviet side "if Western civilization fails to develop ideas which appear equally valid" in their appeal to the masses and in their international character. That Bolshevism "is no mere political program but a philosophy and a creed" is a familiar thesis; but Professor Carr has shown that the Soviets' ideological impact has its roots in their revival of the Christian "common man"—a doctrine which not only inflames the resentments of the underprivileged but saps the faith of the privileged "in the sincerity and efficacy of the principles on which their authority rested."

From the Teutonic knights until Hitler's campaign, there has been a permanent *Drang nach Osten,* the failure of which has opened the way for the *Drang nach Westen.* Professor Carr hopefully believes that some compromise and synthesis will be found between these extremes. Whether or not this optimism is justified, the merit of Professor Carr's book is beyond doubt. He has said more in fewer words than anyone else about the most vital problem of our age, and he has kept equally aloof from the fellow-travelers who praise Russia as the earthly paradise and the red-baiting "scholars" who call anyone a Communist if he fails to abuse the Soviet Union in his morning prayers.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THIS has not been a very good year for "social significance" on Broadway. There is all the more reason, therefore, why "All My Sons" (Coronet Theater) is worth more than passing attention. Written by one Arthur Miller and produced for all it is worth by the new firm of Clurman and Kazan, it strikes with real dramatic force, and it reminds one of a fact that it has been all too easy to forget—namely, that this particular kind of serious play can be, on occasion, more than merely the clumsy statement of a few "important" platitudes.

Neither Mr. Miller's theme nor his central situation is particularly original. As a matter of fact, his story of a wartime manufacturer who passes defective parts and thus becomes indirectly responsible for the death of his own son must have been used scores of times, and it was not notably ingenious to begin with. But the reader will simply have to take my word for the fact that a really engrossing play has somehow been made out of this unpromising material.

This unexpected result became possible because Mr. Miller is unmistakably gifted with two of the most important talents a playwright can have—an eye for character and real skill in the telling of a story even when, as is almost always the case, that story has been told before. His play begins some time after the war was over, and more or less in Ibsen's manner it unfolds the past at the same time that the contemporaneous action moves forward. Almost from the beginning one knows in a general way what is going to happen. Obviously, the son who is missing but will not be given up for lost by his mystical mother, will sooner or later be proved to be dead; obviously, the father who has sent his partner to prison will be revealed as the really guilty party before the play is done. But this foreknowledge no more destroys the tension of expectancy than it does in the case of a familiar classic, and the spectator remains absorbed in the process by which the inevitable happens.

Even this would not be enough if Mr. Miller's characters did not possess that forever mysterious air of being people rather than puppets. Bernard Shaw once maintained that it was easier to be original than to be imitative, since it involved merely copying the life around one instead of hunting up old plays to see what other writers had done. But there is clearly a catch in this somewhere, and I cannot pretend to know why the father, the mother, the surviving son, and even the background of neighbors in this particular play seem to come from some real back yard like the one in which the action takes place rather than, as do most of the characters in most of the plays one sees, from that equivalent of Cain's storehouse to which dramatis personae are sent after a play closes. Some credit goes to the director, Elia Kazan, who brings back to a theater which needs it some of the skill he

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developed when he worked with The Group; some undoubtedly goes to an excellent cast, in which the long-experienced Beth Merrill gives a performance as the half-insane but desperately ruthless mother which is, rather surprisingly perhaps, equaled by that of the radio actor Ed Begley as the dishonest manufacturer. But there must be something unusually genuine in the writing, also.

All this is not to say that "All My Sons" is perfect. For one thing, the neat plot is almost too neat. The pieces fit together with the artificial, interlocking perfection of a jig-saw puzzle, and toward the end one begins to feel a little uncomfortable to find all the implicit ironies so patly illustrated and poetic justice working with such mechanical perfection. For another, Mr. Miller seems rather unnecessarily careful to express explicitly his warm respect for all the leftist pieties. Sometimes this leads him to work in sweeping but rather dubious generalizations, as it does, for instance, when he permits one of his characters to explain that anyone who made war profits is, in some manner not made quite clear, just as guilty as those who deliberately made defective equipment. Worse than this, he seems unaware of one fundamental incompatibility between the logic of his story and the logic of his doctrine. The play is a play about personal guilt and personal atonement; and it is difficult to see how either can have any meaning if, as the author seems anxious elsewhere to proclaim, men are not what they make themselves but what "the system" makes them. It is, one is bound to conclude, rather a pity that Mr. Miller's intellectual convictions are so much more stereotyped than his dramatic imagination, but it is also only fair to add that these blemishes are for the most part pretty much on the surface. In any event, those theatergoers who have got in the habit of assuming that leftist plays can be interesting only to those who have sternly disciplined themselves to a point where they are interested in whatever they think they ought to be interested in can get a pleasant surprise at "All My Sons."

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Films

JAMES AGEE

IT'S A Wonderful Life" is a movie about a local boy who stays local, doesn't make good, and becomes at length so unhappy that he wishes he had never been born. At this point an angel named Clarence shows him what his family, friends, and town would have been like if he hadn't been. As I mentioned several weeks ago, this story is somewhere near as effective, of its kind, as "A Christmas Carol." In particular, the hero is extravagantly well played by James Stewart. But as I also mentioned, I had my misgivings. These have increased with time.

One important function of good art or entertainment is to unite and illuminate the heart and the mind, to cause each to learn from, and to enhance, the experience of the other. Bad art and entertainment misinform and disunite them. Much too often this movie appeals to the heart at the expense of the mind; at other times it urgently demands of the heart that it treat with contempt the mind's efforts to keep its integrity; at still other times the heart is simply used, on the mind, as a truncheon. The movie does all this so proficiently, and with so much genuine warmth, that I wasn't able to get reasonably straight about it for quite a while. I still think it has a good deal of charm and quality, enough natural talent involved in it to make ten pictures ten times as good, and terrific vitality or, rather, vigor—for much of the vitality seems cooked-up and applied rather than innate. (The high-school dance floor coming apart over a swimming pool is a sample of cooking-up that no movie has beaten for a long time.) But I mistrust, for instance, any work which tries to persuade me—or rather, which assumes that I assume—that there is so much good in nearly all the worst of us that all it needs is a proper chance and example, to take complete control. I mistrust even more deeply the assumption, so comfortably stylish these days, that whether people turn out well or ill depends overwhelmingly on outside circumstances and scarcely if at all on their own moral intelligence and courage. Neither idea is explicit in this movie, but the whole story depends on the strong implication and assumption of both. Stewart, to be sure, is shown as an "exceptional" man—that is, as a man often faced with moral alternatives who makes choices, usually for the good and to his own material disadvantage; but it is also shown that the whole community depends on his example and on his defense of the helpless.

Yet at its best, which is usually inextricable with its worst, I feel that this movie is a very taking sermon about the feasibility of a kind of Christian semi-socialism, a society founded on affection, kindliness, and trust, and that its chief mistake or sin—an enormous one—is its refusal to face the fact that evil is intrinsic in each individual, and that no man may deliver his brother, or make agreement unto God for him. It interests me, by the way, that in representing a twentieth-century American town Frank Capra uses so little of the twentieth and idealizes so much that seems essentially nineteenth-century, or prior anyhow to the First World War, which really ended that century. Many small towns are, to be sure, "backward" in that generally more likable way, but I have never seen one so Norman-Rockwellish as all that. Capra's villainous capitalist—excellently played, in harsh black and white, by Lionel Barrymore—is a hundred per cent Charles Dickens. His New Capitalist—equally well played by Frank Albertson, in fashionable grays—makes his fortune, appropriately, in plastics, is a blithe, tough, harmless fellow, and cables the hero a huge check, when it is most needed, purely out of the goodness of his heart. Like Stewart, he is obviously the salt of the earth. Some day I hope to meet him.

I am occasionally mystified why the Catholic church, which is so sensitive to the not very grave danger to anybody's soul of watching Jennifer Jones trying to be a sex actress — roughly the equivalent of the rich man worming around in the needle's eye, or Archbishop Spellman as Christ's Best Man—never raises an eyebrow, let alone hell, over the kinds of heresy and of deceit of the soul which are so abundant in

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films of this sort—to say nothing of the ideas given, in such films, of the life after death. Fortunately, I don't have to wait for ecclesiastical permission to say that I am getting beyond further endurance sick and tired of angels named Clarence, Mike, et cetera; I am not even sure I want any further truck with Israfel. These John Q. Public, common-man insults against the very nature of the democratic spirit are bad enough, applied to the living. If the after-life is just a sort of St. Petersburg overrun by these retired Good Joes, taking steam baths in nebulae, scratching themselves with stars, and forever and ever assuring themselves and Almighty God that they are every bit as good as He is and a damn sight more homey and regular, then heaven, so far as I'm concerned, can wait indefinitely.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

THE people all over the country who heard Marian Anderson on the Telephone Hour in January—who, that is, heard how fresh and big and beautiful her voice sounded at close microphone range—had no idea of how different it had sounded the night before in Carnegie Hall. If I had left her recital at the intermission I would have carried away an impression of great deterioration from her singing of Bach, Schubert, and a Tchaikovsky operatic aria, which had been lifeless successions of tones that had lacked their former lustrous beauty and power, had been afflicted with a strong vibrato, and occasionally had even sagged in pitch. Only with the French songs after the intermission did the singing begin to gain in animation, the voice in warmth and volume—until in the aria from Debussy's "L'Enfant prodigue" there was something like the exciting vocal sound and intensity of former occasions.

On the Telephone Hour Miss Anderson sang Brahms's "Sapphische Ode," a spiritual, and an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade"—which the producers of the program seem to have considered so staggering a burden to the radio audience that even after playing a dance from Delibes's "Coppelia" and a little piece by Tchaikovsky the orchestra had to show that "music also can relax" by playing Robert Russell Bennett's variations on "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

Columbia has issued a new recording of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (Set 613; $3.85). The performance is good, and is well-reproduced by the records, except for wooden-sounding kettledrum-beats and poor balances that obscure solo instruments on the first side, and a leveled-off climax on the last side. It is certainly to be preferred to the lurid Stokowski performances, especially the one that is atrociously recorded in the older Columbia set.

Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 1 has been recorded for Columbia by Serkin with the Pittsburgh Symphony under Reiner (Set 652; $6.85); and I have forced myself to listen to a few sides in order to report to those who love this dreadful work as I once did that the performance is good but is poorly recorded—with its sound dulled and confused by the poor balance of piano bass with treble and of piano with orchestra.

Victor has issued a volume of folk songs and ballads sung by Susan Reed (Set 1086; $3), who is charming when she sings simply, but who often sings artily.

Vox has issued a pre-war Polydor recording of Busoni's arrangement of the D minor Concerto of Bach, played by Alexander Borovsky with the Lamoureux Orchestra under Bigot (Set 162; $4.05). I have learned to disapprove of Busoni's amplification of Bach's writing, and advise anyone who is interested in this concerto, one of Bach's greatest instrumental works, to acquire either the original clavier version recorded by Fischer or the violin version recorded by Szigeti. Borovsky's playing is straightforward; and the performance is clearly reproduced.

Another Vox set (617; $2.99) offers Debussy's "Pour le piano": Prelude, Sarabande, and Toccata, performed by Gaby Casadesus. I enjoy the effective writing "for the piano" in the Prelude and Toccata, but don't care for the Sarabande; I also like Mme. Casadesus's more spirited playing better than her husband's; and the sound of her piano is well reproduced, but there is leveling off and limiting of volume at some of the climaxes, and loss of volume also at the ends of sides, and the surfaces are poor.

Still another Vox set (614; $4.05) offers a number of pieces by Paganini which are occasions for violin-playing by Ruggiero Ricci that is breath-taking in its technical brilliance and its vitality. When Ricci records some better music we will know whether he has developed into as superb a musician as he is a violinist.

Jacques Abram's performances of the Chopin waltzes he has recorded for Musicraft (Set 76; $3.85) haven't any of the relaxed grace and plasticity which the pieces call for, but are, instead, hectic and tense, with extravagances and violences that impress me as utterly capricious, wilful, and perverse. The sound of his piano is excellently reproduced, but with distortion in some of the fortissimos; and there are also some sides with noisy surfaces and some with wavering pitch.

Twelve of the songs of Fauré that were sung by Isabel French and Olympia di Napoli in the Fauré Festival at Harvard University in 1945 have been recorded for Technichord by the same singers with piano accompaniments by Paul Doguereau (Set T-7: 3 vinylite records; $7.93). Rehearing the songs I find them no more interesting than I did then; and their sameness of style is unrelieved by the unvarying—though agreeable—color of the voices that are used with musical intelligence and taste. The performances are well-reproduced; the vinylite records have occasional noisy defects which are more noticeable because of their quiet at other times. The French texts and English translations are provided; and there are again instructions for the care of the records that still permit a pickup weight up to two ounces when they should forbid anything over one ounce, and that warn against dust without mentioning that it has to be cleaned out of the grooves of red vinylite records with a soft brush before each playing.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Letters to the Editors

Compromise on Method

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest Curtis Farrar's article on the Chicago student conference in your issue of January 11. As one of the college delegates to that conference I feel he has given a very mistaken impression of the results of the conference and the activities and motives of the national organizations and the various college delegates. I refer in particular to what I consider an over-emphasis of the differences between the "leftist" groups and the Catholic youth organizations. At no time during the conference was there any evidence that either the American Youth for Democracy or the Catholic groups sought to build up their strength or power in the new organization. The leadership came from the individual colleges, as Mr. Farrar said, and the national organizations accepted this leadership.

It would be foolish flatly to deny that those students who came as representatives of national student groups had the interests of their organizations in mind. However, they also realized that as single organizations they had been unable to solve the many problems of the American student community. They had been unable to cement the student bodies of the United States into an organization which would contribute materially to the enhancement of our present system of education.

This realization was translated into acceptable compromises on specific issues, such as the one on racial discrimination. This was not a compromise of "lip service" or "loopholes," as the author maintains. We must recognize that although it is quite possible in the North to make racial discrimination a criminal offense, it cannot easily be done in the South. Therefore we compromised on method, while not yielding on principle. We, as students, have to adjust our program to suit the conditions under which we must work in various parts of the country. . . .

Out of the conference came agreement on many aims and purposes on which students of all religious faiths and political groups could cooperate and work together. This is a result which will not only make a valuable contribution to America's political life, as Mr. Farrar points out, but one which will add immeasurably to our national understanding, and greatly raise the level and standard of education in the United States.

EUGENE G. SCHWARTZ,
C. C. N. Y. delegate to the Chicago Student Conference

New York, February 3

A Distorted Picture

Dear Sirs: In your issue of January 4 you published an article by Carey McWilliams entitled The Cross and the Circle dealing with the Social Credit movement in Canada. This article contains a number of serious errors which give a distorted picture of the political situation in Quebec.

First of all, Mr. McWilliams appears to be under the impression that in the past the Bloc Populaire has followed a policy of cooperation with the Social Credit forces, and that it was partly instrumental in the formation of the Union des Electeurs, the latter party being the Quebec version of the Canadian Social Credit movement. This view is quite incorrect. The Bloc Populaire has no more cooperated with the Social Credit movement than it has with the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation. So far from the Bloc being in any way responsible for the formation of the Union des Electeurs, the facts are that while the Bloc was only formed in 1942, the Union des Electeurs was first organized around the beginning of the war, that is, several years earlier. The Union des Electeurs, in other words, is an entirely different party from the Bloc Populaire, with different leaders, different program, and different background. Moreover, although this movement has always been an advocate of Social Credit theories, it was originally a purely Quebec party, and not until 1944 did it become associated with other sections of the Social Credit movement in the Social Credit Association of Canada.

The article also states that the Social Credit Party and the Bloc Populaire feed upon the discontents of the lower middle class. This might be partly true of the Bloc Populaire, but it is not of the Union des Electeurs, whose support up to now has come largely from the farming communities and from mining areas such as those in the federal constituency of Pontiac, which the party captured from the Liberals in a recent by-election.

Finally, the writer says that the Catholic church has expressed no opposition to its members joining the Social Credit movement. Actually, in 1941 Cardinal Villeneuve strongly attacked the movement, declaring that its principles did not constitute a true expression of the social doctrines of the church.

In one respect, however, Mr. McWilliams was correct, and that was in his statement that the Social Credit movement, including the Union des Electeurs in Quebec, is strongly anti-Semitic.

HERBERT F. QUINN

Montreal, Quebec, January 31

Next Week in *The Nation's*

Mid-Winter Book Number

"Faustina, or Rock Roses," A Long Poem by ELIZABETH BISHOP

WILLIAM EMPSON's review of "The Selected Writings of Dylan Thomas"

POEMS BY ROBERT LOWELL and WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

WYLIE SYPHER's review of Curt Sachs's "The Commonwealth of Art"

DELMORE SCHWARTZ's review of Kenneth Patchen's "Selected Poems"

NATHAN GLAZER's review of Wulf Sachs's "Black Anger"

CHARLES MORRIS's review of Herbert W. Schneider's "A History of American Philosophy"

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.'s review of David Martin's "Ally Betrayed"

ALBERT GUÉRARD's review of Charles A. Madison's "Critics and Crusaders"

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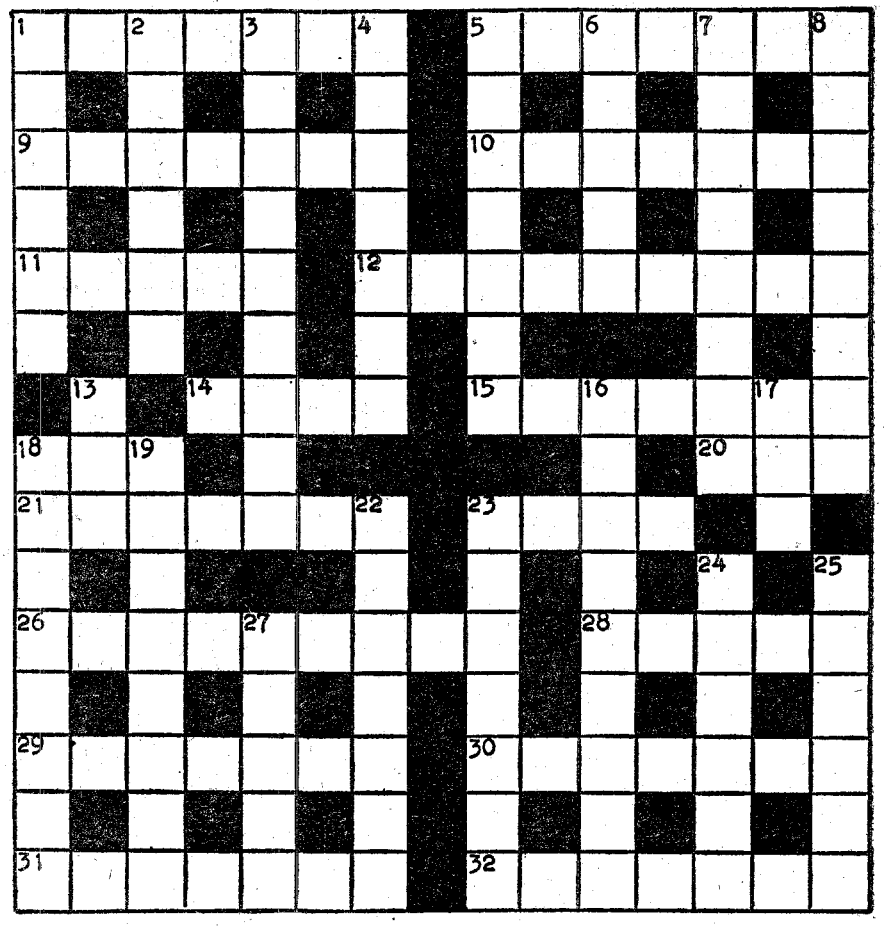
Crossword Puzzle No. 199

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Often washed by tides, and tides recede in them
5 Shaking like a jelly
9 Removed cargo
10 A stage Englishman
11 Crops of a uniform nature
12 If you hope to drink from this cup you must take it up
14 Firearm with a powerful kick
15 Far-fetched
18 Usually engaged in revolutionary work
20 Abyssinian official
21 Listen—to little Kenneth
23 Of rural kin
26 Reads aloud a list (5 & 4)
28 Grub
29 Ada live here? She can be made use of
30 Giver of only one gift to charity?
31 Ordains (anag.)
32 Book bag

DOWN

1 A punch below the belt
2 Batty place
3 Floral dress—"all silver-white," said Shakespeare
4 An indirect attack
5 Man-o'-war's boat
6 Sort of crossing landsmen prefer
7 He won't feel at home by the seaside
8 One who looked for an honest man in a tub (an odd place to look)
13 "Who overcomes By force, hath overcome but half his ---"
16 After this it's too late (4 & 5)
17 Nature's sole mistake, W. S. Gilbert called him
18 One of the five civilized Nations
19 I drag all into an old dance
22 Being in the state he is, he'd have no use for gold diggers
23 Interments
24 Brings sex into everything
25 Receptacle for bread, biscuits or beer
27 System of which Boston is the hub?

□—□—□—□

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 198

ACROSS:—1 REDCAP; 5 SWOONED; 10 LEASTWISE; 11 ITCHY; 12 ROSSINI; 13 PRIMATE; 14 LISZT; 16 ESSENTIAL; 18 BOMBSHELL; 20 CREEP; 22 TONNEAU; 24 PIANOLA; 26 EQUAL; 27 TURNSTILE; 28 STENCIL; 29 ENDING.

DOWN:—2 EXAMS; 3 CATMINT; 4 PRIVILEGE; 5 SWEEP; 6 OPINION; 7 NECTARINE; 8 DRY CELL; 9 FLORAL; 15 SIMON PURE; 17 SILK PURSE; 18 BUTLERS; 19 SHELLAC; 20 CLASSED; 21 PLACES; 23 UNTIL; 25 ORION.

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